

The TATLER

London, July 1, 1931

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Vol. CXXI. No. 1566.



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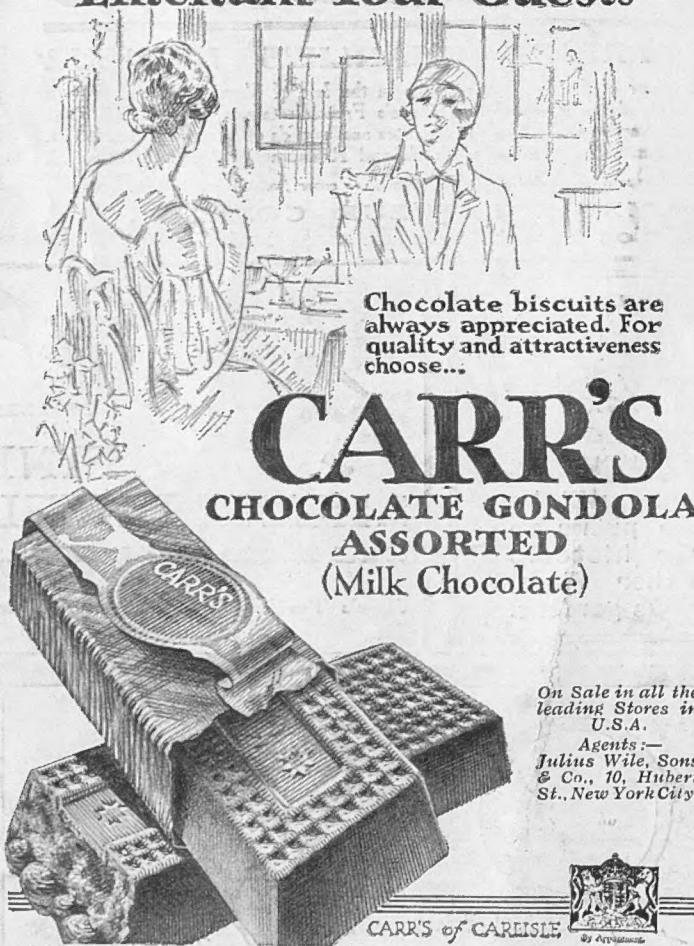
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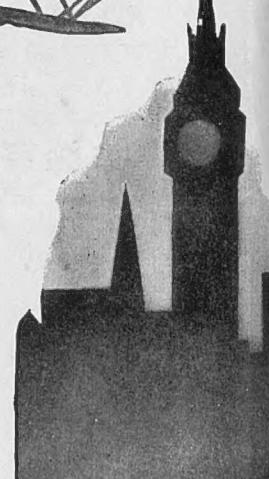
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Price One Shilling



MISS BETTY NUTHALL
AND (inset) DR. P. D. B. SPENCE

At the time these pictures of the winner of the last American Open Championship go to press, there is a lively possibility of Miss Betty Nuthall adding the English Championship to her record, but in any case another interesting announcement is expected shortly—Miss Nuthall's engagement to Dr. P. D. B. Spence, who has so often been her partner in mixed doubles. One of Miss Nuthall's recent battles against Fräulein Peitz opened doubtfully, but in the last two sets "Betty" ran clean away from her

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street



CAPTAIN CAMPBELL MUIR AT CAREYSVILLE, FERMOY

O'Brien

A snapshot from that famous salmon river, the Blackwater, Co. Cork, where the fish are running as strong as ever. Captain Campbell Muir is fishing with Admiral Rowley-Conroy, and the reports are that they have had first-class sport

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

HISTORIC happenings since last I wrote to you, my dear. It hardly seems a week ago since we were sunk in economic gloom and now Mr. Hoover has swept away some of the universal despair. Will France see eye to eye? That is the question.

Anyhow our hectic programme continues. Those not made numb and void by their antics at Ascot, tottered on to the Tattoo at Aldershot. This never fails to appeal in spite of the dampness of the weather and the chance of a night out (too literally).

* * *

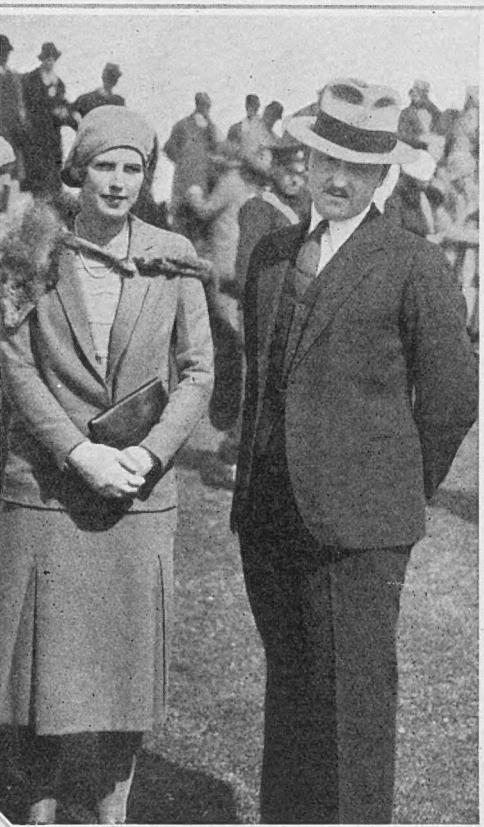
The River comes into its own this time o' year, not to say gets above itself owing to thunderplumps and what not. With all four Princes in residence at Windsor, hopes of getting one or some of them to come ran high in the hearts of respective club proprietors. A full house was scored by Poulsen's, who had three at a sitting, and there is no doubt that night was a success. Court dress definitely not in evidence; in fact it would have been difficult to discover what was the correct "wear," even after careful study. The most amazing mixture of full evening, half evening, and three



AT RANELAGH: COMMANDER AND MRS. WARREN AND ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES

On the day The Panthers won the Invitation Tournament, beating the Marquis de Portago's Los Piratas by 12 to 6. Sir Roger Keyes is Vice-President of the Royal Naval Polo Association and has always been a keen player himself

The Letters of Eve



THE HON. RICHARD AND MRS. DAWNAY

Victor Hey
At the British Red Cross Inspection at Burniston Barracks, North Riding, Yorkshire, last week. The Hon. Richard Dawnay is Lord Downe's son and heir and has returned from America recently. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Dawnay is an American and was Miss Margaret Bahnson

parts day clothes. Berets here and there, fragments of hats and bits of bandeaux. After a while nothing surprised.

Dancing in and out of doors and coconut shies kept everyone almost too busy to eat. What fun such simple rustic pleasures are, and how much longer you can keep going in good fresh air like that!

Many of the Princes' special friends were there; Mrs. Dudley Ward, Lord Westmorland, Mrs. Roland Cubitt—one of the world's Wittiest people and so attractive to look at, with eyes like those of a fawn—Lady Furness, dark and sleekly *soignée* as ever, Lady Dalkeith, the Strathconas and Michael Hornbys. Altogether as good a collection as the most ambitious restaurateur might hope to make.

* * *

You'll have read about the storms at Ascot on Gold Cup day, but there was one which has not been chronicled. It occurred in the Royal Enclosure, and was caused by an expensively-dressed woman, who, in loud and ringing tones, challenged another's right to be there. You can imagine the stupefaction of the witnesses, and it was fortunate for the

aggressor that none of them had the slightest idea of her identity; had any of Lord Churchill's myrmidons been within earshot her chances of ever getting another voucher would have been very small indeed.

The attitude of the victim of this onslaught was admirable, and the attacker was quickly hurried away by her horrified companions. It is a pity she is unable to respect a privilege granted to those who are (presumably) expected to know how to behave, and she would be well advised to confine such an outburst to more suitable surroundings—say Whitechapel.

The Tote queues provided some good character-studies, and I envied the enthusiasm of one young person whose two-shilling stake on Brown Jack gave her a profit of ninepence—her first win at the meeting.

* * * *

Had to go down and watch the Olympians at play a time or two during the Horse Show, and came to the conclusion you need *not* be a Centaur in order to join in the exhibition there! All the same this is probably the most completely British entertainment of the year—its atmosphere at any rate, though the foreigners who come get a great welcome. I don't believe that German ladies have brought their horses over to show before, but two of them were to be seen daily competing in nearly all the riding classes; very sporting don't you think?

9.30 a.m. was not too early to find a cigar in the "yellow earl's" mouth. Olympia would go to pieces without him, and Lord Daresbury is the other mainstay of the show.

Between you and me, geniality is *not* the watchword of the competitors. No wonder they say it becomes increasingly difficult to find adjudicators to give their services. At the end of a show like this they can count on seventy per cent. more enemies than they had before, all of whom think their horses should have won!

* * * *

Lord and Lady Ebrington shared the honour of being asked to judge. Hard work this is, riding a dozen or more different horses during the morning.



IN DUBLIN: THE HON. LADY MORRISON-BELL AND LORD POWERSCOURT

At the annual Boy Scouts' rally and inspection which was held in Lord Iveagh's grounds, Dublin. Lord Powerscourt is the Commissioner for Boy Scouts in the Irish Free State and Lady Morrison-Bell is his sister. She married Sir Arthur Clive Morrison-Bell in 1912.



Bassano
THE HON. MRS. R. C. BRIDGEMAN

The wife of the Hon. Robert Bridgeman, Lord Bridgeman's son and heir. Mrs. Bridgeman was formerly Miss Mary Lane-Fox and is a daughter of Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox, a former and very famous Master of the Bramham

of humanity. Some people seem satisfied with so little. However that is by the way.

I have noticed lately that it is apparently quite the thing for girls to pay for their partners, instead of vice versa, but I had not realized the limits this system had reached till I went to the Bat the other night. There, would you believe it, a quite personable young lady had to produce a sixpence to pay for the parking of her swain's hat and coat. She evidently didn't trust the gentleman in question with her purse, for she went and handed the money to the attendant herself.

Lord and Lady Brougham go to the Bat occasionally, and Prince George likes to dance there from time to time. Harry Roy's band is certainly very fine. Their tune of the moment is "They Lay in the Hay," with not very agricultural words.

* * * *

One doesn't often find a Punch-and-Judy Show at an afternoon party in Prince's Gate. This was the good idea of Ethel Lady Jardine and her sister, Mrs. Bell-Irving, and it went down well. We had been bidden, "wet or fine," but the sun shone gloriously, and sitting under the trees in those big gardens behind the house was exceedingly pleasant. So were the strawberries and cream.

People were pretty smart, and I guessed that several Ascot frocks were having another outing. Mrs. Bell-Irving's daughter and grand-daughter, Lady Thirlestane and Miss Sylvia Maitland, both wore flowered chiffon and immense blue hats, while young Lady Buchanan-Jardine—of course, still in deep mourning—showed how becoming the early Victorian white "tuckers" run round the top of a black frock can be. Her mother-in-law, who seems to get younger instead of older, was in cream lace and pink malmaisons, and Lady Mar, Mrs. Auberon Kennard, and Mrs. Archdale (she in Lido blue) all looked very well indeed.

(Continued overleaf)

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AT ROEHAMPTON: COLONEL KINGSCOTE AND ADMIRAL LORD JELLINE

A pre-Wimbledon picture. Lord Jellicoe takes a keen interest in the All England Tournament and in the happenings at Wimbledon. Colonel Kingscote is, of course, very well known in the lawn tennis world.

It was good to see Lady Hunloke riding again (she was desperately ill in the winter). She had a leg up on her daughter's hack—and what an elegant leg! Hers are the delight of every bootmaker.

Mrs. Freddie Cripps knows how to show off a horse better than most, and is adept at catching the judge's eye. Not too tolerant of the other competitors perhaps. The pit ponies caused great interest; they were the jolliest tubby fellows, and spoke well for their caretakers.

* * * *

We are constantly hearing of the world-wide slump which over-production has brought about. But one commodity is still at a premium—the presentable young man. Public opinion varies as to what constitutes this specimen

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

That same afternoon there was the League of Mercy Ball Committee meeting at Brook House. This cause was deserving of the best possible support, but you'll always find that people gladly seize on the excuse of charity to flock to the Mountbatten mansion. They'll presumably be robbed of such opportunities shortly for, sad to say, Lord and Lady Louis will soon be going to keep a two-year appointment with Malta.

Lady Brecknock was in capital form. What a superlative "beggar" she is—just about the best in London. The way she raised £160 in three minutes was almost alarming. Lady Tree had managed to tear herself away from the country cottage which she has taken for the benefit of her small dog, and others there included Lady Abergavenny and Mr. George Grosmith.

When later I looked in at Lady Flavia Giffard's I found the question of the day was what to call her book, which has just been accepted by the publishers. It is the story of a half-caste, and readers of it will probably be slightly astonished at the author's knowledge of the world. Count Peter de Salis and Mr. John Paget were both trying to find the right answer for her. Mr. Paget has a passion for bull fighting. What queer tastes some people indulge in, don't they?

* * * * *

A new pastime has suggested itself to the thick-skinned, namely car-crashing. There was a good example at Lady Butler's dance. Two young thrillers got into a Rolls which was not theirs just as the rightful owner and his partner appeared on the scene. Not only did they refuse to be dislodged but insisted on being conveyed to yet another prancing party to which they had not been invited. Here, however, their hopes were frustrated.

There were lots of good private dances last week: Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley's for her goddaughter, Miss Esmé Glyn; Mrs. Weir's, supposed to be small, in Pont Street; Mrs. Charles Gordon's, almost too magnificently done, with "Hutch" to entertain, and marvellous roses, delphiniums, and carnations in all directions. But undoubtedly Lady Anglesey's ball attracted the most onlookers; the whole of South Kensington seemed to have turned out to watch what was occurring.

* * * * *

They did not come in vain, for all the braves and beauties of London were there. Lady Anglesey's Queen's Gate house was an admirable setting, and how lucky that the date happened to be one of the few really summer nights. For the ground plan was perfect; everything happened on one level, with the supper room

built out into the garden; where the tree trunks had puttees of bunting to make them look like pillars. Thereby the inevitable staircase crush was avoided, and what a difference that makes. *Du reste*, nearly everyone looked enchanting. It is not always easy to say that without tongue neatly parked in cheek, but the current débutantes are really rather delicious. I wonder how many have already been described in print as being the most beautiful of the year!

Royalty was represented by the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone and Princess Ingrid of Sweden.

White, white, white wherever you looked; either simple chiffon or else a more sophisticated version as worn by Mrs. Philip Kindersley. We are used to the ubiquitous white gardenia in hats, but Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton had had the attractive idea of putting them in her hair. Lady Davina Lytton, who was there with Lord Erne, divulged the secret of their honeymoon. This is Spain, where they have been lent a seaside villa.

Swaebe



A POLICEMAN'S LIFE SOMETIMES IS A HAPPY ONE!

The park policeman giving the glad hand to Caroline Hay, the little daughter of Lord and Lady Edward Hay. The other little girl is Sarah Birkin, Lady Edward Hay's daughter by her first marriage

When the committee of the Victorian Exhibition at 23A, Bruton Street, gave a reception in honour of Princess Mary, the invitation cards bore the superscription, "Syllabubs and Strawberries," and I hear that H.R.H. partook of these delicacies—served in the Victorian kitchen—with satisfaction.

In case you'd like to know how this dish was made in the good old days (when heads were stronger, of course!), here is a venerable recipe: "To make Syllabubs under the Cow. Take a quart of Sack and a pint of cider; add a grated nutmeg, a grated lemon, and sugar to taste. Place all in a Bowl and Milk into it until a Strong Froth covers the Wine."

* * * * *

You will notice that for the due observance of this mystic rite a cow is essential. The Victorian Exhibition, so complete in other respects, could not, alas! furnish this requirement. Lansdowne House garden and Berkeley Square were searched without success; even the walking dairy, which many Victorians remember in St. James's Park, has gone the way of all London cows. However, in spite of this initial drawback, syllabubs were mysteriously forthcoming.

The very name is entrancing. It suggests Maying, the swish of the scythe in lush-green meadows, Rosalind in Arden—when the scent of the hay came across the footlights instead of, as now, the scent of the footlights and the charabancs across the hay. And I believe there are seventeen different ways of spelling it.—With love, EVE.



MR. H. G. WELLS

At the Men's Dress Reform Ball at the Suffolk Galleries last week. Mr. Wells, it may be observed, did not fall for the new ideas, which included all kinds of weird raiment from a Roman toga to a cross between Levée kit and a cricket blazer

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT



"TURKEY TIME": DAVID AND THE LANDLADY (MR. RALPH LYNN AND MISS MARY BROUH)



"THE BANDITS": MISS VERA LENNOX AND MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY



"TURKEY TIME": "MAX" (MR. TOM WALLS) AND THE MAID (MISS MARJORIE CORBETT)



"ROSE," THE BEAUTIFUL "JANE," CAUSE OF ALL THE BOTHER: MISS WINIFRED SHOTTER

"Turkey Time," Mr. Ben Travers' latest at the Aldwych, is based on a most amusing short story which appeared in the Christmas Number of "The Tatler" and is all about the things relatives, one of whom is a churchwarden of the seaside resort, Duddwater, have to suffer from other relatives who descend upon them from the outskirts of the Empire and whose language and customs are the reverse of what a churchwarden and his wife approve. "Max," the invader, is given full value in Mr. Tom Walls' amusing hands and his and David's (Mr. Ralph Lynn) adventures with the lovely "Jane" (Miss Winifred Shotter) who is a stranded member of a touring company, are some of the things everyone ought to go and see. Miss Mary Brough as the theatrical "Ma" (unpaid) has also a part entirely after her own heart. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry in the new play at the Garrick, "The Bandits," is a picturesque Bandit King, one Herrera, who has had an English 'Varsity education, and the story is mixed up with oil concessions, bandit warfare, and of course love, Miss Vera Lennox playing the maid of the mountains, who, having known Herrera in May's week at Cambridge, manages to avert his being put on the spot—and all ends as happily as everyone knows that it is bound to do

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

The Cinema :

Concerning Television
By JAMES AGATE

A FEW days ago I received a copy of a "Statement on Television" made at Hollywood last month by Mr. David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Co-operation of America. Mr. Sarnoff begins by telling us that it is no good objecting to television. He is right. Like Mrs. Bardell we must compose ourselves to this situation, since to this situation we must come. Neither, if we are conservative-minded and would rather the thing did not happen, is it any use pretending that it has not happened. It has. Nor is it any good admitting that the wretched thing is here but in such a dreadful condition that it has only to be seen for sensible people to want to have no more to do with it. I remember the first time I made acquaintance with the telephone. It was the latest miracle, and our fishmonger, always a progressive fellow, had installed one. I remember ringing up my father at his office and standing on tiptoe to tell him that I had passed the College of Preceptors examination, third class, second division. Readers will understand that in any other connection I should not allude to this hard-won honour. At the same time, I remember that this first use of the telephone flashed through my mind when, the other day, Mr. Mark Hambourg, when in Australia (must have been at some unearthly hour) telephoned to certain club-mates the news of his safe arrival. Or can it have been that the club-mates were wassailing while Mr. Hambourg was waking. But that is by the way. The point is that later experiences than the telephone should have made us realize the absurdity of condemning any mechanical invention on the strength of its first performances. The greatest athlete has to learn to toddle before he can do the 100 yards under 10 seconds. Mankind is slow to learn, and one would have thought that the triumph of the steam engine after all the prognostications of failure with which it was at first assailed would have sufficed to warn us not to make similar asses of ourselves with regard to

the motor-car and the aeroplane. But we did make such asses of ourselves. Then came the early cinema upon which Mr. James Bone, the brilliant London editor of "The Manchester Guardian," tried to fasten the name of "Flicker Alley." In those days one appeared to be looking at something through a telescope, and that something flickered. In Mr. Bone's view it couldn't help but flicker and must continue to do so. Ultimately, as we know, the film steadied down. But had we, by the time the first talkies arrived, learned our lesson? The answer is No, we had not! My good friend, Mr. E. V. Lucas, went to the talkies and pronounced the voices he heard to resemble the bellowings of sea-lions. Those, too, have quietened down and, except for the fact that one can hear what they say, one could believe film-actors to be stage-players talking in the flesh. But I at least have learned my lesson and shall not make this mistake. Some time ago I saw some experiments in television, and the result which purported to be a portrait of a familiar and beautiful actress looked exactly like a shipwreck over which somebody had thrown a bowl of porridge. On the other hand I am convinced that we shall presently see the finish of the Derby on the wall of our sitting-room as plainly as now, sitting in the arm-chair, we can hear it.

The whole point is what the world is going to make of this new wonder. Soviet Russia, I imagine, would propose to

entertain subscribers to the new venture—that is, if in that country the art of subscription has not been lost—with televised pictures, telephotograms, or whatever the word may be, of the latest plough or harrow. It will not be a lawn-mower because no one will have any lawns to mow. In this country a movement will, of course, at once be set on foot to show us Miss Dolly Nimble from Streatham and some Argentine dago who is her dance-partner, illustrating the latest form of foot-mania. In fact I doubt whether anything above the ankle would be televised. Here I take courage from the B.B.C. which has successfully resisted the demand that nothing shall be broadcast except jazz. To be more serious, I believe that television will give us reasonable programmes from which people may make reasonable choice. I believe it will give us Shakespeare and grand opera, dog-racing, and the latest thing in women's fashions. Mr. Sarnoff's Statement makes it impossible for me to believe that in the near future some machine will be clamped on to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and so bring it into every home. Do not let us fall into the mistake of thinking that our sturdy Britishers will have no use for that ceiling. That the gramophone and the wireless have brought great music to the minds of millions who would never have gone out to look for it is not doubted by anybody. Yet it was there all the time for people to listen to. Cheap reproductions of Michael Angelo and the great masters are all over Bloomsbury. But the fact that people have been blind to these shop windows does not mean that new eyes will not be given to them when they survey the new walls of their house. For television will make those walls new. Nor need the entertainment world be afraid that with the coming of television its work will go: "History confirms the fact that the creation of a new service for the public does not result in the elimination of an older service, provided each has something of its own to give. On the contrary, many examples

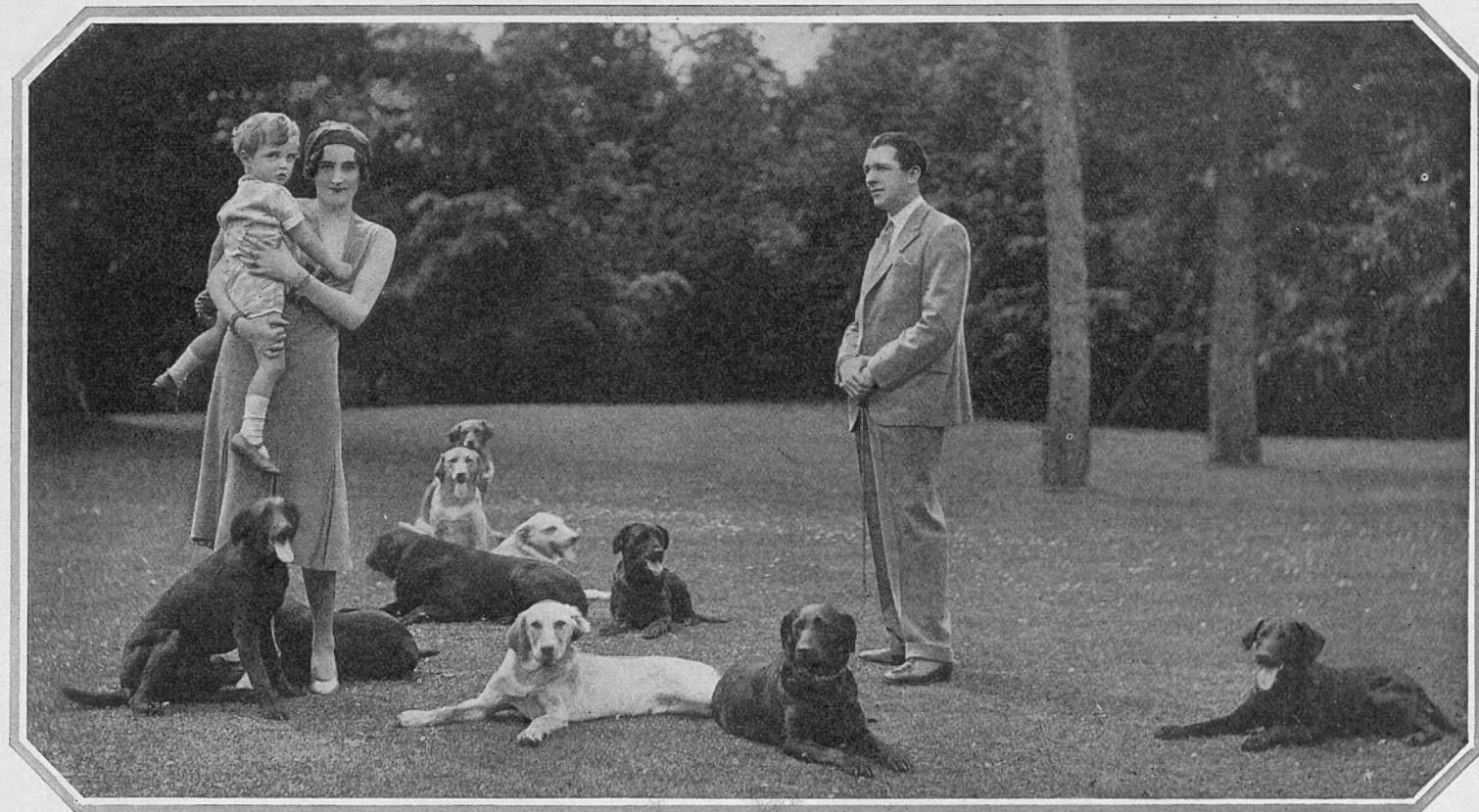


HOW TO KISS HER AND SQUASH YOUR NOSE AT THE SAME TIME

This is a picture of a "happy ending" between Claire Windsor and William Haines, and is by no means an extraordinary incident as film kissers go. No one off the films ever gets as good at this stickphast form of the thing, and probably would not be popular if they did

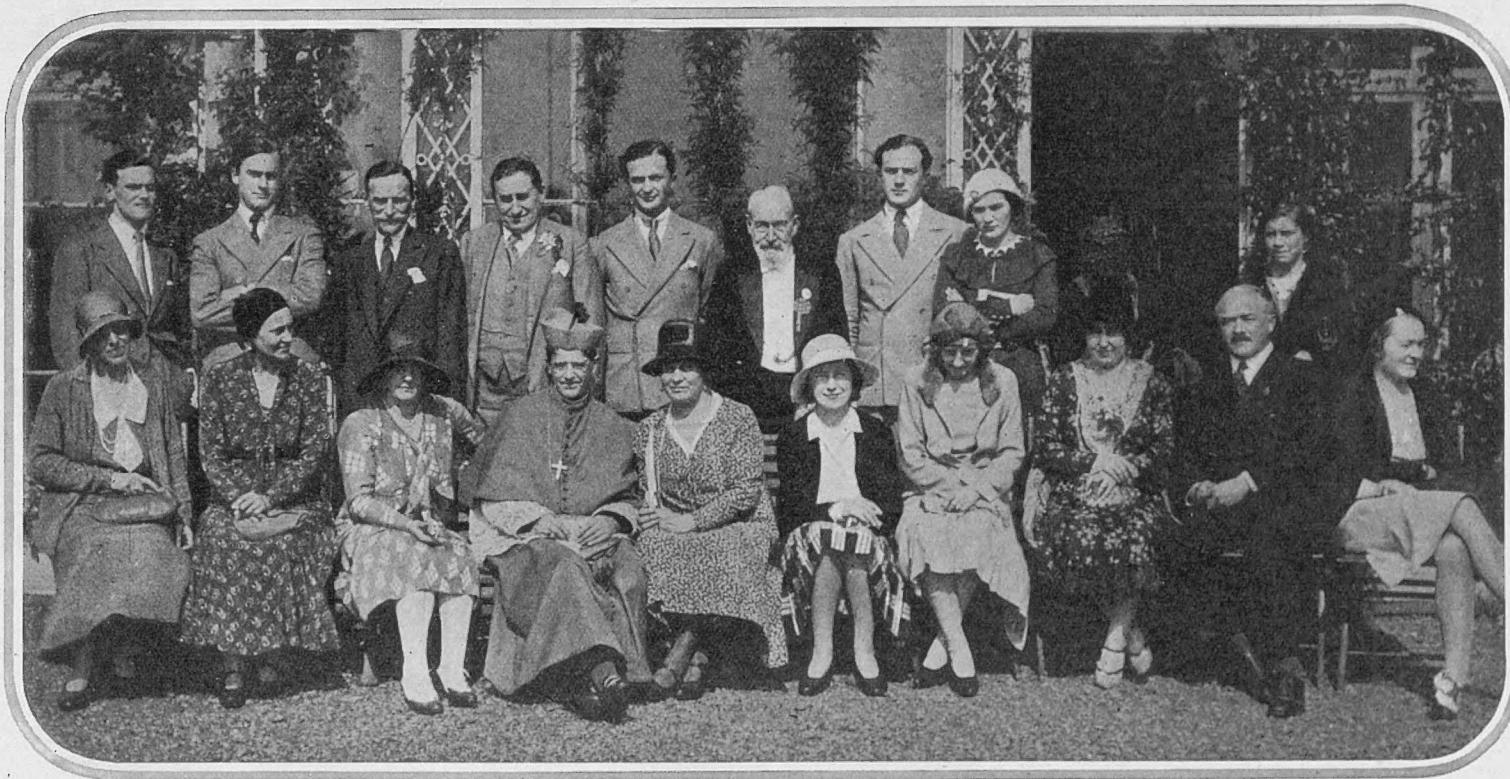
might be cited to prove that the reverse is true. The telephone did not displace the telegraph. The radio did not displace the cable. The incandescent lamp did not displace the candle; more candles are being sold to-day than before the creation of the incandescent lamp. And television in the home will not displace the motion-picture in the theatre." There are exceptions, of course. The horse has yielded to the motor-car and the railway train looks like yielding to the motor-coach, though that, as Mr. Sarnoff would doubtless point out, is only because both of these have to a large extent lost that which they had to give. Is it a little disturbing to read that "the life-time audience of Demosthenes was not as great as a one-night audience of Amos 'n Andy"? It so happens that I infrequently read Demosthenes; even so I would rather an hour of him than five minutes of any pair of back-chat comedians. But let us be fair and admit that wise television for the masses would reverse this view. I do not hold it beyond the bound of possibility that we shall have both, and further that we shall be able to choose. If, for example, they had televised for my benefit the performance of *Turksib*, which I saw this afternoon at the Academy Theatre, I should have switched off, and quickly. Pro-Russian in film matters though I am, this film seemed to me to have no more entertainment value than the excavations now taking place on the site of the Hotel Cecil.

THE CAMERA IN THE MIDLANDS



AT SIX-MILE BOTTOM: CAPTAIN AND MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID, THEIR SON MICHAEL, AND LOTS OF LABRADORS

Miss Compton Collier



MAJOR AND MRS. GEOFFREY ELWES ENTERTAIN AT BILLING HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Holloway

Sitting—Mrs. de Bless, Mrs. Edward Chisholm, Mrs. Geoffrey Elwes, the Bishop of Northampton, Lady Winefride Elwes, Mrs. Richard Elwes, Mrs. C. Cary-Elwes, the Hon. Mrs. Everard Feilding, Major Geoffrey Elwes, and Miss Angela Sykes. Standing—Mr. Cuthbert Chisholm, Mr. Roderick Chisholm, Mr. C. Cary-Elwes, the Hon. Everard Feilding, Mr. Richard Elwes, Mr. C. Palethorpe, Mr. Simon Elwes, Miss Clare Elwes, and Miss Philippa Stuart

The above group was taken when the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton, the Right Rev. Dudley Cary-Elwes, conducted the annual Corpus Christi procession in the grounds of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Elwes' home. It was largely a family gathering. Major Elwes, Mr. Simon Elwes, the portraitist, and Mr. Richard Elwes (who assisted Mr. Norman Birkett in the Rouse case) are Lady Winefride Elwes' sons, Miss Clare Elwes is her daughter, and the Hon. Everard Feilding her brother. Miss Angela Sykes is Mrs. Geoffrey Elwes' sister. In the top picture Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid are seen at their Cambridgeshire home. Michael has a younger brother, Noel Robert, who was christened in May. He had lots of wonderful presents on this occasion, including a diamond brooch from Douglas Fairbanks

RACING RAGOUP :

By
"GUARDRAIL"

BARRING the last race on the last day backers simply couldn't go wrong at Ascot, and what with playing up winnings, doubles, trebles, and accumulators the books must have had the thinnest of times. Truly it is an extraordinary summer. Never two hot days in succession, an earthquake, and a certain distinguished officer coming out of Ascot a winner. It must be many many years, if ever, since he was able to smile on Ascot Saturday, but not even a split lip could have stopped him this year.

This Ascot was the last meeting to be handicapped by Mr. Dawkins, and there have been few, if any, handicappers who have made less blots than he; in fact it has almost passed into a saying that more men have been ruined racing betting on his handicaps than any other way. In the Hunt Cup funnily enough he did make an error, and nothing was able to come to the rescue as is so often the case. The Wokingham was also won very easily by Heronslea, a grand chestnut horse whom I tipped to win at Ascot after the Lincoln, and being a top-class 6 furlong horse he will want a lot of stopping in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood should he run.

The race for the Gold Cup was as good a race as we shall ever see, and according to the pictures it was just a touch of ring-craft that enabled Joe to record a short-head win. The Alexandra Stakes was as usual won in effortless fashion by Brown Jack, and as the old fellow came out to win his race he was cheered from one end of the course to the other. Writing before the Granville Stakes I see that I said Portlaw would never be beaten over five furlongs. He has been and will be again, having developed a severe dislike for racing, possibly due to being run out of his distance. Stingo is the best sprinter to-day, and his victory was more easily gained than the verdict suggests. The Windsor Castle Stakes resulted in a dead-heat between two nice two-year-olds, Taj Kasra and Rolling Rock, the latter being unlucky not to win outright. As showing the slump in bloodstock last autumn, this colt was bought as a yearling for half the price paid for him as a foal, and a fifth of the price refused for him a couple of months before the sales.

Ascot seems to have demonstrated that the three-year-olds this season are a very high-class lot, and this combined with good going at Epsom is responsible for the enormous number of Derby horses, I believe ten, which scored at the Royal meeting. Of the two-year-old colts, Cockpen, Taj Kasra, Rolling Rock, and Golden Hair appear the best, though on the market, in

which no offer was refused, Crumpets cannot have run within several stone of his form. Of the fillies Orta is probably the best, when she regains her true form, which she temporarily lost after a jarring race at Doncaster. The Saturday meeting at Windsor was not the essential that it usually is, and just as well, as several good gambles went down. Nothing could be more pleasing than to see the masterly way in which Frank Butters is placing his very moderate horses to win races, and should he get his deserts he will have a far stronger team next season.

Newcastle is only second to York as a racecourse in the North, and yet the races at the big meeting seem to attract very few runners. How Blue Vision was allowed to start at such a price for the Northumberland Plate after his Ascot display passes comprehension, and he was never troubled to win it.

Ascot and the Horse Show constitute according to the gossip writers the "climax of the Season," and London for anyone who wants to get from one place to another seems very full. Every night the most "exclusive" night clubs and restaurants are crowded, generally with a clientèle from so far west that they have to put their watches on to agree with Greenwich closing time, and here in an atmosphere like Bombay in the monsoon the gaiety of the Season is to be found. The International Horse Show is as admirably run as ever, not the least attractive feature being the parade of ancient coaches whose charming occupants make one feel that a trip to Devonport in six inches of snow wouldn't be the hardship it was made out to be. The display of pit ponies is an eye-opener. To most people, including myself, a pit pony was a semi-blind animal like a stunted Shetland, and these super-giant horses, fat as butter, with Beckhampton coats on them, came as a great surprise.

More women than ever seem to be riding in shows nowadays, and as a friend explained to me the ride astride ones can be distinguished from the men by the fact that they wear their buttonholes on the off side and button their coats the

wrong way over. A great sign for the future of the horse is the strength of the classes for children's ponies and the high standard of riding.

I am glad to be able to state that the matinée so kindly given by Mr. Edgar Wallace and the artists at Wyndham's Theatre on Ascot Monday, for which I published an appeal, realized something over £300 in aid of Fred Holland, the blind huntsman of the Old Berks. I am asked to thank all those who so kindly came forward and contributed.



IN FRANCE: FRANK CARTER AND LIEUT.-COLONEL C. W. BIRKIN

Frank Carter is the famous trainer, and Colonel C. W. Birkin's filly, the French-bred Brulette, won the Oaks, beating the One Thousand winner, Four Course, a length. Brulette is an own sister to Hotweed, who was second in the Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe last year

THE R.I.B.A. ANNUAL BANQUET



PILLARS OF ART AT LINCOLN'S INN—BY FRED MAY

The Royal Institute of British Architects' annual banquet was held in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn some weeks ago, Sir Banister Fletcher, the President of the Institute, being in the chair, and the muster including a large number of people who are eminent in all departments of Art and other things, including the teaching of the Young Idea how to shoot. Dr. Cyril Norwood, Head-Master of Harrow, was, for instance, one of the principal guests, and replied to the toast. Sir Banister Fletcher, besides being a great ornament of his profession, is an author of very considerable distinction, and has to his credit numerous works on architecture which are text books. Amongst the Past-Presidents of the Institute who were at the dinner were Mr. Guy Dawber and Mr. Walter Tapper, and Sir William Llewellyn, the P.R.A., is an Hon. Fellow of the R.I.B.A. Sir Leslie Scott, who is an ex-Solicitor-General as well as the holder of other important offices, proposed the toast, "The Beauty of England," in a graceful speech, the President replying

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

The English Psycho-Analyzed.

ENGLISH women are the best-looking in the world—and quite the least interesting to look at! The same applies to Englishmen—only, as a rule, they are even less intriguing as a mental interest. And if you doubt my word, look at the average tea-shop waitress and remember, if you can, how remarkably "ancient Greek" were the faces beneath the peak caps of the War-time era. The trouble is that beyond a charm of feature and complexion the imagination is rarely stirred by the English face. At least, not more so than by faces on chocolate boxes. "How pretty!" you exclaim, and throw the box away because your mental curiosity doesn't persuade you towards a second view. It is the extraordinary stagnation, the healthy "emptiness" of the average British expression which has always puzzled foreigners and, I suppose, always will. For the average British expression never becomes really "fluid" until, in the face of death for some ideal, it smiles when, by all the rules of the game, it should at least register distress. No wonder Mr. G. J. Renier, in his entertaining and highly erudite study of the British complex as a foreigner struggles to interpret it, calls his book, "The English: Are they Human?" (Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.). By all the rules of the human game, apparently they *aren't!* Even in love—and love will surely make the face "fluid" if anything should do?—it is considered an emotional *faux pas* to show anything more than a decorous happiness. Those young men and women, breaking through the emotional barriers by throwing themselves into each other's arms in full daylight, risk either being arrested as an outrage to morals or else jeered at by the onlookers as if they had led the wrong suit at bridge or served a double-fault when the game stood at 40—love against them. As for the human body, it has taken centuries for English women to prove they were possessed of legs, though "busts" were always popular. In politics also are we a living contradiction in terms. Socialist measures are waved into existence under Conservative banners, while a Socialist minister receives a title and people are less surprised than they would be if they learned that even in Heaven, where all are equal, Queens might sit near the Apostles but cooks should keep to their own clouds; while the thousand-and-one petty, and mostly silly, laws by which we are harassed rather than governed, and the major laws which enact justice and injustice with supreme impartiality, make an "Englishman's castle his home" and "England the land of liberty" sound rather like the bombast of those suffering from an inferiority-complex—the valiant assertion of *what is not!* No wonder foreigners regard us as hypocrites. By all the rules of any logical kind of game we are. Yet, we *aren't!* Only, unlike any other nation in the world, we have our own sense of reasoning, and it's like nobody else's. Thus we can admit betting but revile a sweepstake. Subscribe to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and immediately go to the meet of the stag hunt. Hang a man for murdering six defenceless women in cold blood and equally hang another man who had found his wife *in flagrante delicto*: or even the meek, mild man who at last had turned upon a drunken, nagging, lazy wife. Equally one may marry one's wife's sister but not her niece. Five thousand electors may be represented in Parliament, but four-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine other electors in the same constituency shall have no representation, even though one silly flapper may have given the casting vote. Indeed, one might go on for hours enumerating the beautiful unreasonableness of

British logic. And it is because few foreigners can ever hope to possess the key to this wonderland of ours that we have the world reputation of being mad. We aren't, of course. We're just sane in a purely British way. But never have I read any book which interpreted this strange sanity in a more understanding fashion than Mr. Renier has done in his book; interpreting it, not only for the revelation of other foreigners, but also for the edification of Englishmen themselves. The author has lived among us so long, he has studied our habits, customs, art, literature, traditions, politics, our theatre, our ball-rooms, our townsmen and countrymen, while at the same time keeping intact his own detachment as a foreigner, that more than any writer I know his book is a looking-glass in which, as by a miracle, we can see ourselves to a great extent as others see us—our surprise being that, on the whole, the reflection is very sympathetic and friendly.

* * * Our Devastating Reserve.

THE main theme of the book, however, is an effort to show why exactly the average Englishman, especially of the middle and upper classes, re-acts to life as no other men, apart from a certain section of Americans, re-act to it in any other country in the world. Where, for example, another man would show joy, an Englishman's face will show shame, or perhaps go more dead than ever it was before. Where,

for another example, another man would rise in anger, an Englishman tries to see the other side, and probably ends up by taking it. Or again, what makes another man smile with understanding will send an Englishman off the deep end to start a crusade to save somebody who has not the least desire to be saved in an Englishman's way. Probably, in any case, leading far happier lives than their would-be saviours. Before an Englishman can show any reaction to life's stimulus his emotions have to go through a filter of a dozen-and-one traditions, customs, ideals, conventions; during which process the emotion is either outwardly suppressed altogether or else thrust along an entirely unrelated channel. The result is that nearly every middle-class English man and woman is suffering from repressions which eventually lead to the strangest mental, moral, and physical attitudes towards life. And why has this come about? As both history and Mr. Renier prove, little over one hundred years ago there were no signs of this repression, consequently an Englishman's reactions towards things-as-they-are were precisely those of any other human male. Mr. Renier's explanation of this comparatively recent psychological phenomenon is most ingenious; containing more than a mere particle of the truth. And it will, of course, offend just those who have imbibed the snob-tradition

so long that they mistake it for a law of God and good breeding. Those, especially the poor, who have not yet learned to admire this ideal, and laugh at it behind its back, find themselves much more akin to humanity the world over. And the answer to the question, "The English: Are They Human?" is that they *are*; but Eton, thank God, and its imitators consider no *real* gentleman should show it. Hence many of our most tiresome conventionalities, our secret contempt for anything appertaining to the mind, our coldness, our snobbishness, our superhuman ability to swallow camels while going gladly to the stake for a gnat.

(Continued on p. 12)



SIR FREDERICK RICHMOND, Bt.

By Autori

A portrait of Sir Frederick Richmond by Francis Dodd, A.R.A., is in this year's Academy, and the above is another artist's impression of the same sitter. Sir Frederick Richmond is chairman of Debenhams, Ltd., and was created a baronet in 1929

HIS V.C. ACT!

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



First Director: Fancy you making a joke at the meeting
Second Director (somewhat piqued): Why "fancy"? I made one last year

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Thoughts from "The English: Are They Human?"

"All the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount have never been the virtues of the nations that call themselves Christian."

"It is only where freedom exists that individuals can eventually grow into full adult shape and become genuine and complete human beings."

"Anglo-Catholics may toy with the idea of union with Rome. But in reality their main interest resides in incense, liturgy, candles, vestments, and choir-boys."

"Levelling never works in the sense of tolerance."

* * *

A Guide-book to "Finland."

What I admire so greatly in Miss Kay Gilmour's guide-book to "Finland" (Methuen, 6s.) is its practical interest. She gives us just enough of the history of Finland's past to enable us to link it with the present, but not so much that it bores you; and this, too, many guide-books unfortunately do. To a great extent, Finland is a country re-born, and its re-birth is far more important than its dead history. Undoubtedly, too, its "present" promises a very important future. It lives in that happy state when a country is able to put its own house in order by the deliberate avoidance of other countries' mistakes. So far it has no other ambition. Probably the world would be a happier place if exactly that ambition were universal. Maybe it is all a question of birth-control! At any rate, the strides which Finland has made towards the education and betterment of its people since it regained its freedom are stupendous. In education alone we in England would surely have much to learn from

its efforts. As Miss Gilmour says, Finland is the Child's Happy Country. Hygiene, beauty, each is combined with an educational curriculum which contains none of that dreary futility, that intensive smattering, which turns out so many million English boys and girls of no immediate use to anybody or anything, and of an ignorance of even essential knowledge which is creative of unemployment irrespective of either trade prosperity or otherwise. Art, literature, music, these are encouraged and have an important place in national life; industry is given every aid; while if sport does not play the big rôle which it does in this country, recreation is given every chance to be enjoyed without its becoming the great aim of life. After reading this very interesting little book, one wants above all else to visit Finland—not only to mark its progress, but also to enjoy the beauty of its northern regions and find happiness in the simple sociability of its people, so especially friendly towards Englishmen. As a holiday "off the beaten track" Finland offers great attraction. You will realize this for yourself if you read Miss Gilmour's interesting little book. A splendid volume of its kind.



Hostess (showing holiday snaps): That's a snap of me bathing at Cannes—a little over-exposed, I fear

Vicar (indulgently): Ah, well—one is permitted so much more latitude at the French resorts, isn't one?

True Tales of Crime.

How interested we all are in wrong-doing of any kind! Virtue may go unchronicled, but a touch of vice draws us together in a circle of intense sociability. We rarely tire of listening to the wickedness of others, but the story of a Good Man inclines us to yawns. I suppose because the story of his goodness is a subtle and adverse criticism of ourselves. And, oh, we do like to feel at all costs superior! This being so, Mr. Guy Russell's book, "Guilty or Not Guilty" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), has a welcome all ready made awaiting it. He doesn't confine himself, however, merely to murder. Fraud, forgery,

and other dramatic misdeeds figure in his book. All the more famous "specimens" from most of the countries of the world. But I often wonder why it is that the moment nearly anybody sits down to write the account of real crimes, almost invariably his literary style assumes the "stylishness" of the old "Newgate Calendar." It is as if, most of the stories being both sordid and stupid, an attitude of hands being held up in holy horror gives them a dramatic and psychological value which many of them do not in the least possess. Anything more stupid than some of the more famous murders it would be difficult to conceive—mere blood and sheer bungling. The frauds are, on the whole, more intelligently carried out. Personally, I think that the book would have been even more interesting had the author's choice been less catholic. He could then have elaborated those which were finally chosen until they assumed something more than a mere outline elaborated by such ejaculations as this: "Thus dramatically Nemesis at last laid hands on this Prince of Impostors;

and when, at his trial, he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, there was no one in court who did not think the punishment too light." In any case, any one of these stories of real crime would make the plot of a first-rate thriller for an author in difficulty over formulating a plot. One wants to know so much more about everything and everybody than is possible in a chapter which is but a short *résumé* of the actual crime. Nevertheless, if you are interested in real vice this book will interest you. It covers a far, far wider field than most true chronicles of the human criminal.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

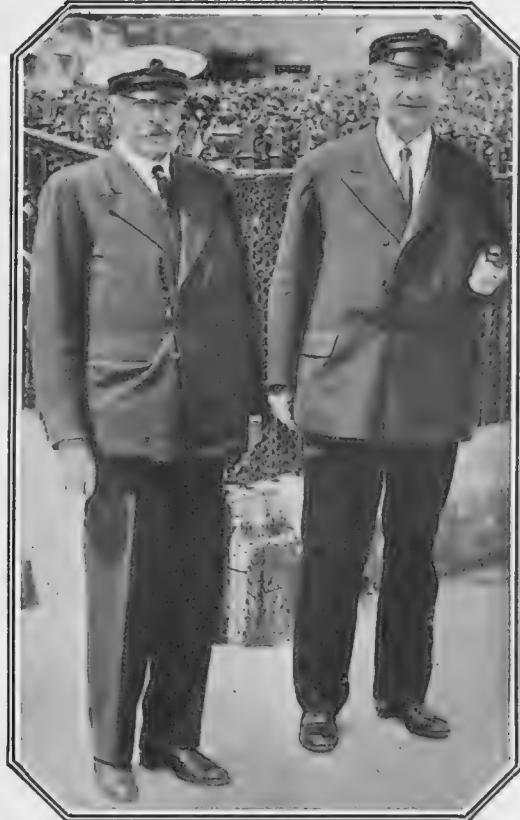
"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

ROYAL LONDON Y.C. WEEK AT COWES

SIR VICTOR AND LADY WARRENDER
AT THE SQUADRON STEPSSIR PHILIP HUNLOKE, MR. C. E. NICHOLSON
AND MR. N. CLARK-NEILLLIEUT.-COLONEL J. A. COLE AND
SIR ERNEST CHARLESMAJOR AND MRS. C. DRUMMOND, LADY JOAN PHILIPPS AND
MRS. PEELLADY MARY CRICHTON-STUART, LADY BARING AND
MRS. FANE

Photographs by Arthur Owen

The real "news" picture in this page is the one in the centre at the top, because on the day it was taken Sir Philip Hunloke had just steered His Majesty's famous old cutter "Britannia" to victory in the big boat event, beating the redoubtable "Shamrock V.," who, however, it must be mentioned, was 2 mins. 15 secs. behind the gun. Mr. C. E. Nicholson is "Shamrock V.'s" designer, and Mr. Clark-Neill, who is Rear-Commodore of the Royal London, had hold of her in this race in the absence of her skipper. The beat to the first mark was over a foul tide and with none too good a wind. "Britannia" was a long way ahead on the weather mark, and down wind she increased her lead and won a very good race, "Shamrock V." second. Of others in these pictures, Sir Ernest Charles is a judge of the King's Bench and in his hours of ease an enthusiastic amateur sailor and a member of the Royal Southern Y.C. (Southampton). Sir Victor Warrender is the member for Grantham. Lady Joan Philipps, one of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's daughters, Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart is a daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, and Lady Baring is the wife of Sir Godfrey Baring of Nubia House, Cowes



SOME MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE FLYING CLUB

Included in this group are: Mr. R. L. Preston (Coldstream), Mrs. Fairlie, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Grey Sykes (Scots Guards), Mrs. Grey Sykes, Mr. Harrison (Grenadiers). The names of two of the people in the group have not been transmitted to us

Andover and Others.

Of the making of air pageants there is no end. Not Ascot, that demonstration of the Englishwoman's ignorance of the first principles of dress, when eccentricity is mistaken for elegance and the bizarre for the beautiful; not the Tattoo with its segmented circle of motor vehicles stretching from London to Farnborough and conveying their pale passengers along on the instalment system; nor even the political posturings of our actor M.P.'s. can deflect the attention of the air-minded from their pageants. "Revenons à nos meetings" is the watchword of the flying fraternity.

By the time these notes appear the Hendon display will be over. On the day I am writing, the Bristol air pageant, usually the best civil pageant of the season, is taking place; on the day after there is the National Flying Services pageant at Woodley, Reading, and on the day before there was the Royal Air Force Display at Andover. Those who still think that flying is dangerous ought to attend all the displays and pageants there are for a few months. They would then discover that, although they hear much about any meeting at which there is a bad accident, they hear nothing about the hundreds which are run off without any mishap and which involve a great deal of flying, much of it of the exhibition kind which is admittedly more dangerous than the kind indulged in by the average private aeroplane owner and club member.

Although there may still exist a section of the public which goes to an air pageant expecting to see a crash—and is disappointed if there is not one—it is now a small inexperienced and dwindling section. The days are over when air pilots were thrown to the three-and-sixpenny enclosure to make a Nordic holiday.

Andover had its shower of rain, without which the annual display there would not seem official. But apart from that short, sharp shower the weather was good, the huge masses of nimbus and cumulo-nimbus cloud forming a vast black and grey screen upon which the

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

manceuvres of the machines were projected with great clearness.

Particularly striking was the way in which exactly the right position was chosen for each manœuvre so that the spectators had a good view. The parachute jumps, in which the aeroplanes flew down wind instead of into wind as is more usual, were perfectly timed. Number 13 Squadron gave the finest display of message picking up and dropping in formation that has been seen in public, and Number 12 Squadron, aided by its Rolls-Royce Harts, gave the finest display of Squadron formation flying. Flight-Lieutenant Day and Pilot Officer Bader put up something new in simultaneous aerobatics, doing every evolution with smoothness and grace, and at times bringing their machines so close together that, had their flying been less accurate, there would have been danger of collision.

Altogether Andover was a splendid display, and Air Vice-Marshal Newall and his officers received the thanks and admiration of all their guests.

Gliding Competitions.

Much valuable work has been done by "The Daily Mail" in supporting flying since the earliest days. The paper has always been ready to offer money prizes when it has seemed that such prizes might encourage useful development; and all interested in aeronautics must be grateful for what the paper has done in the past to help things forward, and must remember that, but for "The Daily Mail," Britain might not have made the first non-stop aeroplane flight across the Atlantic ocean. But the most recent of its aviation prizes, so it seems to me, has been offered for a feat of little consequence, and it is doubtful if the money spent will bring a commensurate result.

There is nothing in gliding across the Channel provided the use of power is permitted for obtaining a sufficient initial height.

In a flat calm a Moth would only have to climb 16,600 ft. to be able to make a clear engineless glide across the Channel with plenty of height for selecting landing ground on the other side. It would be possible to select a large number of aeroplanes produced during the last sixteen years which would find no difficulty in gliding across the Channel provided they were permitted to use power for gaining the initial height.

In the competition won by Herr Kronfeld engine-less gliders were used, but they were allowed to be towed up to the required height behind power-driven aeroplanes. The consequence is that there is nothing very difficult or very noteworthy in the feat, as Mr. Beardmore proved when he made the journey on the day before the competition opened. Some stimulus has been given to gliding by the competition, but in view of the sum devoted to it, it is a pity that a more fruitful type of contest was not devised.

Meanwhile Mr. Wallace Barr's prize for a genuine soaring flight across the Channel remains open, I believe, and if that is won it will indicate a genuine advance in soaring technique.

(Continued on p. xiv)



Nervous Passenger (who has recklessly gone up on maiden flight with nephew): H-here, t-t-tell me when you're going to loop-the-loop again!

Nephew: Well, I don't always know!



THE COUNTESS OF LINCOLN

RECENT ARRIVALS

The only son of the Duke of Newcastle was recently married in America to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Banks of New York, and has just brought his charming bride home to England. Lord Lincoln, who was at Eton and Magdalene College, Cambridge, came of age in the spring of 1928. Both his sisters were married last year, Lady Doria to Mr. Frederick Childe, and Lady Mary to Mr. Charles Horne, a nephew of Lord Cozens-Hardy. The Earldom of Lincoln dates from 1572, and the Dukedom of Newcastle from the middle of the eighteenth century.

Photographs by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street



THE EARL OF LINCOLN

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



Mlle. EDMONDE GUY—HER LATEST SITTING—SO TO SPEAK

Manuel Frères

Edmonde Guy, of the Casino de Paris and elsewhere, is at once one of the most beautiful and clever of French revue stars, and every production with which she is connected believes that its success is rather more than less assured. Like all great stars, Edmonde Guy likes the fact to be known, and anyhow, why be a light and hide yourself under a bushel or anything else?

TRÈS CHER. My beloved Noirmoutier has come sadly into the limelight over this terrible catastrophe of the sinking of the *St. Philibert*. I was down there for a few days this week, and I arrived on the sunny and calm morning that followed the tragedy. Going by road I crossed from the mainland to the island by the *passage du Gois*, which, at low tide, is uncovered by the sea during the lapse of three to four hours; this is at the point of the island farthest removed from the scene of the disaster. In the peace of the midday hush it was impossible to realise that such a tragedy had so recently happened. . . .

There are few families on the island that have not been touched by this calamity; nearly all had relatives living at Nantes or St. Nazaire, who took the opportunity afforded by the excursion to come over for a visit. The *St. Philibert* is the boat that, during the summer season, invariably plied twice daily between Pornic and Noirmoutier, and she was to have taken up her summer duties on the 22nd, making her first trip from her winter mooring at St. Nazaire in order to do so. This ill-fated excursion was her preliminary canter so to speak, and that is why one fails to understand why she was not properly laden or ballasted (or whatever the technical expression may be), since in a few days she would have been obliged to ship the twenty tons of coal and the sand that, up till now, had always ensured her stability on even the roughest days. Under proper conditions she was a perfectly seaworthy boat and this, I think, renders it all the more horrible, for the catastrophe need not have happened. It came about through sheer human negligence.

The Noirmoutier lifeboat crew, consisting of volunteers from the fishing village at l'Herbaudière on the north-westerly point of the island, behaved magnificently. It was a long three hours' struggle to row through the sea that was then running, to the scene of the wreck, where they lay about all night: the boat left the harbour at six o'clock, and only returned next morning at nine, but without, alas, having been able to pick up a single survivor. . . . These fishermen are nearly all old pals of mine, and I cannot bear to think of their drawn faces and tragic eyes as they took up their usual duties next day.

In the Bois de la Chaise, which is the residential quarter of the summer visitors, and where, also, the Hôtel St. Paul, renowned for its excellent cuisine, is to be found, the tragedy

seemed as far removed as it must seem to you. The honeymoon couples mooned in the fir woods, and the children built their little castles on the beaches. House painters were busy giving a festival coat of paint to the wooden shutters of the villas of the Souzeau, and the caretakers were belatedly putting mattresses to air in the sun, having no doubt received notice of the imminent advent of their employers . . . for caretakers on my island are very much like the caretakers of other parts of the world, and their "care" is purely fallacious. In the fields the peasants were digging the new potatoes, in the salt marshes they were skimming the salt, in the little shops above the main beach the picture postcard and souvenir vendors were busy unpacking their newest wares. The scene was set as I have seen it set every summer for many years past unaffected by the ghastly tragedy that had taken place within such a few thousand yards, and this I suppose, is but right and normal . . . it is also intensely sad.

On this trip I went by train as far as Nantes and drove on from there. On the return journey I had leisure to note the wonderful transformations that *l'Etat* has accomplished at the Montparnasse station; the grimy old building has been embellished past all recognition and, which is better still, all sorts of practical innovations in the way of "service" have been organized. On arriving from an all-night trip one can now indulge in a very glorified wash-and-brush-up; there are shower-baths at one's disposal, and while one is abluting one can have one's clothes pressed and one's shoes cleaned by an efficient valet or maid, a hairdresser will shave, Marcel, or manicure you, and your *petit déjeuner* can be served in your cubicle while you rest. This, in the Montparnasse quarter where hotels are not, perhaps, all they might be, is a very great blessing.

I returned to Paris in time for the annual theatrical water fête which is now held at the Piscine Molitor at Auteuil. It was, as usual, a gay and pretty scene with luvly wenches in luvly bathing-suits (Alice Delysia sat amongst the jury that passed verdict upon their luvliness) and handsome young men in costumes almost as luvly. . . . But what interested me most at this most agreeable open-air bathing-pool is the new restaurant that has recently been opened there. Swimming is hungry work, sun-bathing no less, and it is pleasant to be able to restore the inner woman without having to dress and hike all the way home when one feels like gnawing a bone.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



HAROLD LLOYD AND HIS MILLIONAIRE KID

Harold Lloyd's little Harold was heir to a million the moment he opened his eyes. He was a very light-weight, only 4½ lbs. when he arrived in February, and if it had not been for an incubator he would have found the world a cold and unpleasant place. He has now put on weight in lumps, and is, in fact, extremely fit. Beautiful Dolores del Rio, who is a Mexican, was married last year to Mr. Cedric Gibbons, the well-known film director, and she has now just signed a long contract with Radio Films. Her first picture for them is "The Dove." Lillian Bond is in the latest "walking-out" kit adopted by California's Bright Young—trousers, leather sandals, sombrero, or Stetson, and all complete. The picture in which she is now appearing is called "Stepping Out"



DOLORES DEL RIO



LILLIAN BOND—"STEPPING OUT"

A VARIETY OF Active Participants



MRS. C. O. TUCKEY AND MR. C. R. D. TUCKEY

Who are the first mother and son to enter together at Wimbledon. Mrs. Tuckey won the mixed doubles championship with Captain Hope Crisp in 1913 and is still very much a force to be reckoned with. Mr. C. R. D. Tuckey is a Cambridge lawn tennis blue. This picture was taken in the garden of their pleasant home at Godalming

COLONEL JOHN BUCHAN
AND HIS DAUGHTER

Studying the script of "The Masque of Osney Abbey," which they wrote and appeared in at Shipton Manor. It formed part of the magnificent Oxford Pageant

HAPPENINGS in the Day's Play



AT THE RANELAGH PONY SPORTS

While Miss Baba Beaton and Mrs. Fitzgerald were playing the part of spectators at the recent mounted gymkhana at Ranelagh, Miss Irene Mann-Thompson (centre) was actively concerned in the various tests of horsemanship. She is a sister of Mrs. Monty Rayson and Mrs. Roy Gaskell

PRINCESS VON BISMARCK
AND MR. MAURICE FITZROY

SUPPER TIME AT POULSEN'S CLUB: KATHLEEN LADY DROGHEDA, SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, AND THE HON. MRS. LOEL GUINNESS

Poulsen's, the new river club at Datchet, was lately the scene of a very successful gala arranged by Mrs. Michael Hornby and other notabilities to raise money for the Dockland Settlement Fund. T.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George honoured the occasion with their presence, and these three bottom photographs represent further supporters. Princess von Bismarck is always a pleasure to look at, for she has a most attractive face and dresses admirably. Kathleen Lady Drogheda, who recently organized the first-rate Speed Ball, at which Sir Malcolm Campbell was one of the many "lions," is most charitably inclined and will always do a good turn to a deserving cause. The Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness is the eldest of Lord Churston's four sisters. Her husband stood as Conservative candidate for Whitechapel at last year's by-election, but was defeated. Lord Milton, who is engaged to Miss Ruth Garrard, is Earl Fitzwilliam's only son

MISS RUTH GARRARD AND
HER FIANCÉ LORD MILTON

FROM LONDON'S ENGAGEMENT BOOK



AT THE KIT-CAT: DR. KIPFER, THE FAMOUS BALLOONIST, HERR RICHARD TAUBER, AND MRS. BAGOT-GRAY



ALSO AT THE KIT-CAT: FRÄULEIN LEA SEIDL, HERR RICHARD TAUBER, AND MISS CICELY COURTNEDGE



AT THE LEVINSKAYA RECEPTION: SIR PHILIP GIBBS AND MADAME MARIA LEVINSKAYA



MLLE. FELIA DUBROVSKA, M. POSEN-KOWSKY, AND MLLE. VERA NEMTCHINOVA



AT THE GLORIA SWANSON FILM: MR. JACK HAYES, M.P., AND MISS MOLLY HAYES

Parties, private and otherwise, always happen with the rapidity of machine-gun fire at this period of the London Season, and these pictures were taken at some of the recent ones. The dinner at the Kit-Cat was a private one given by Mr. Isadore Ostrer, President of the Gaumont Company, in honour of Dr. Kipfer, the intrepid balloonist, who has been nearer to heaven than most people, and, as will be observed, numerous other celebrities were collected to meet him including the great tenor, Herr Richard Tauber, whom everyone is glad to see back in the cast of "The Land of Smiles" at Drury Lane with his magnificent voice none the worse for its recent little indisposition. Tauber is rated the re-incarnation of Caruso. Charming Cicely Courtneidge is the main-spring of that booming success, "Folly to be Wise," at the Piccadilly Theatre. Madame Maria Levinskaya, the famous pianist, gave her reception to the members of the Russian Opera Company now at the Lyceum. Mlles. Felia Dubrovskaya and Vera Nemtchinova and M. Posenkovsky were formerly in the Diaghileff Ballet. Sir Philip Gibbs, the author and journalist, was equally famous as a war correspondent during the late disagreements on the Continent! He was also in the Bulgarian campaign of 1912. Mr. Jack Hayes, M.P., and his daughter were at the first night of the new Gloria Swanson film, "Indiscreet," at the Dominion Theatre. Mr. Hayes has been Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household since 1929. He was at one time in the Metropolitan Police

Photographs by Sasha

THE PASSING SHOWS



BALLET MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Miss Madge Elliott introduce a classical note to their final pas de deux

"The Millionaire Kid."

IT is all very bewildering, this business of sticking dockets—critical and comparative—on the manners, modes, mentalities, and musical comedies of yesterday and to-day.

Perhaps the middle-aged have formed their own conclusions or are sick of reading outbursts in which Victorian die-hards wave the antimacassar-banners of a blameless life and a golfless Sunday over the heathen heads of a gin-and-jazz generation. This, I remind myself, is not an article on the 'Nineties (with appropriate sub-headings—The Passing of Reti-
cence, Nude and Rude, from Chaperones to Cocktails, America's other Island, and so on through the gathering gloom of our rakish progress).

To the Gaiety, then—in a hansom if one could find one—to observe how musical comedy has fared since it abandoned daintiness and decorum for speed and syncopation. *The Millionaire Kid* is hardly the best we can do, but it is true to that robust formula of song and dance and slapstick which has had a long innings in the shrine which once encased the sacred lamp of burlesque. It is lively, it invites laughter of a simple kind, and to thousands of people it is the beau ideal of a gay and glamorous evening. Tastes may change, but musical comedy is superbly conservative. Such changes as it has suffered since the days of Letty Lind are mere details of taste and tempo. The Tiller Girl and her kind have made the old-fashioned show-girl look like 10 cents. a dance, and Broadway has pushed Ruritania off the map.

The modern Gaiety show envisages Mr. Laddie Cliff, horn-rimmed and staccato, now treading a nimble measure, now exploding a wise crack; a member of the Lupino family—Stanley for preference, but failing that ingratiating buffoon, Barry is probably the next-best-thing in back-answers and back-somersaults; Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Miss Madge Elliott to mingle the substance and the shadow in another dancing partnership; a never-still chorus containing a sufficiency of "peaches"; a plot of incredible entanglement; music that is frankly derivative and abundantly orchestrated; and one knock-about comedy scene just before the last act.

The Millionaire Kid in song, dance, jokes, situations, and comic business is true to tradition. The story is a country-house imbroglio of democratic dollars and impoverished aristocracy. Mr. Cliff is the millionaire, Mr. Barry Lupino his equerry-secretary. Luckily for the inevitable second Act misunderstanding no Devenish ever goes back on his word,

otherwise it would have been simple to explain to his Lordship (Mr. Wynne Weaver in a mild imitation of Mr. George Grosmith) that he had announced the engagement of his daughter (Miss Elliott who loved his agent, Mr. Ritchard), whereas the lady Mr. Cliff wanted to marry was his niece (Miss Vera Bryer). Miss Bryer, be it noted, is a handy little thing to have about an ancestral house where



A SPOT OF BLACKMAIL—AND A CUSTARD PIE

The Millionaire Kid and his Equerry-Secretary, disguised as waiters, endeavour to compromise a peer of the realm with the aid of a chorus-girl—and a custard pie. Mr. Laddie Cliff, after uncorking two dozen champagne bottles in the wings, receives the pie from Mr. Barry Lupino full in the face

footmen work for nothing; suits of armour are ready for occupation; Territorial officers in scarlet mess jackets are at hand to revive the polka or join the vicar in a ballad of Devonshire (rhyming with Heavenshire); and the musician's gallery has a collapsible front whereby to provoke a Lupino to an aerial somersault. False moustaches, the ceaseless popping of champagne corks "off," and—yes!—a custard-pie, contribute to the gaiety of the hotel supper-room *à deux*, where Messrs. Cliff and Lupino, disguised as waiters, endeavour to blackmail Mr. Weaver with the assistance of Miss Gilly Flower. The last Act makes a bid for originality by choosing for its venue not some orchidaceous night-club, but the terrace and turrets of the Devenishes. Here Miss Elliott defies convention by declining to take a flying leap at Mr. Ritchard's head from the battlements. Instead we are given a miniature ballet in which the comeliest sylphs of the chorus disport garlands of the best classical rosebuds, and the principals give fresh proof of their prowess. I quote the pun which brings down the final curtain: "Every little 'alps, as they say in Switzerland"—just to show that if you want to hang up your high-hat for an hour or two the Gaiety still stands where it did.

"The Geisha."

Her hair was becomingly grey and in the interval she smoked a cigarette. "It must have been before the South African War," she was saying, "would it be in 'ninety-seven or nineteen hundred? No. . . . Anyway, I remember seeing it—surreptitiously, of course, because my father disapproved of the theatre. . . ."

I stood by discreetly for further matronly reminiscences, but the Victorian memory was unequal to the task of sorting out *The Geisha* from *San Toy*.

"The Sketch" for 29 April, 1896—I was seven then and bath-nights were more important than first-nights—filled in the blanks. "To me," says "The



"THE GEISHA": 1896-1931—STILL GOING STRONG

Wunhi (Mr. George Lane) receives the order of the boot from the Gilbertian Marquis Imari (Mr. Leo Sheffield), while the little French girl (Miss Rita Nugent) hovers behind the massive form of her future husband

Sketch" critic, "The Geisha" is far pleasanter than "An Artist's Model" or "A Gaiety Girl." *It is not marred by the vulgarity of its predecessors nor tainted by the variety-turn flavour that distinguished them."*

The italics—and the surprise—are mine. That last sentence fairly swept the Naughtiness out of the 'Nineties. Vulgarity!

On that April night, thirty-six years ago, there were—

"The usual shouts of 'Letty' at the curtain fall. Mr. Coffin sang as well as usual. Mr. Huntley Wright got one of the two encores and deserved it."

If that leaves the young generation cold, what about this.

"When Marie Tempest sings everyone is delighted, and if she could but make such progress in acting as Miss Letty Lind in singing one could delight in her altogether."

Staggered by this Great Thought one passes on to a feminine description of the dresses on a later page. After visualising—

"Miss Maud Hobson impossibly handsome in a directoire costume of biscuit-coloured alpaca, the long-basqued coat having perfectly tight, plain sleeves, relieved, however, with turned-back cuffs and a foamy frill of chiffon. . . ."

I almost wish Mr. J. Bannister Howard had decided to go the whole-hog and dress the English visitors in the alpacas of '96. I have seen a photograph of Miss Hobson's directoire and another of a young person at Ascot (first day, 1931) and as miracles of mirth hardly a chuckle divides them.

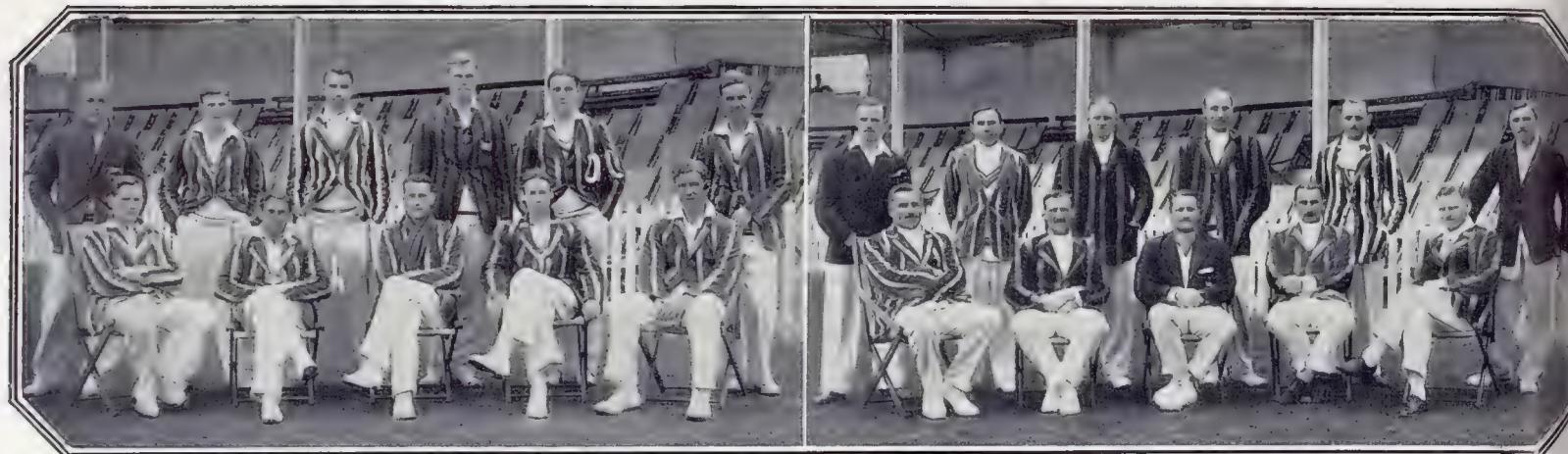
The Geisha deserves its second time on earth at Daly's, if only for the reason that Sidney Jones's music is still fresh and tuneful. How young the "old fogeys" will feel when they hear Miss Rose Hignell singing "The Amorous Goldfish" and the interpolated "Jewel of Asia." Miss Hignell is short, which a Geisha should be, and sings like a bird, flutily and easily. Miss Lorna Hubbard turns Mr. Percy Greenbank's lyrical leanings to natural history to good account in Lionel Monckton's "Monkey on a Stick" and the ballad of the eye-winking parrot. Mr. Donald Mather leads the contingent of naval officers and the Poo-Bah-ish Marquis is appropriately played by Mr. Leo Sheffield with a fine Gilbertian reserve. Mr. George Lane's "Chin-chin-Chinaman" is droll and lively. "TRINCULO."



THE PRIDE OF THE NAVY AND THE "JEWEL OF ASIA"

Mr. Donald Mather listens enraptured to Miss Rose Hignell (Letty Lind's original part) singing "The Amorous Goldfish"

SPORT AT THE 'VARSITIES



OXFORD UNIVERSITY

The names, left to right, are: Back row—T. M. Hart, E. Evans, H. Brooke, B. W. Hone, D. G. Raikes, F. G. H. Chalk; front row—R. S. G. Scott, the Nawab of Pataudi, A. Melville (captain), E. M. Wellings, W. Bradshaw. A. Melville got 67 not out in Oxford's first knock, and T. M. Hart 28 not out

V

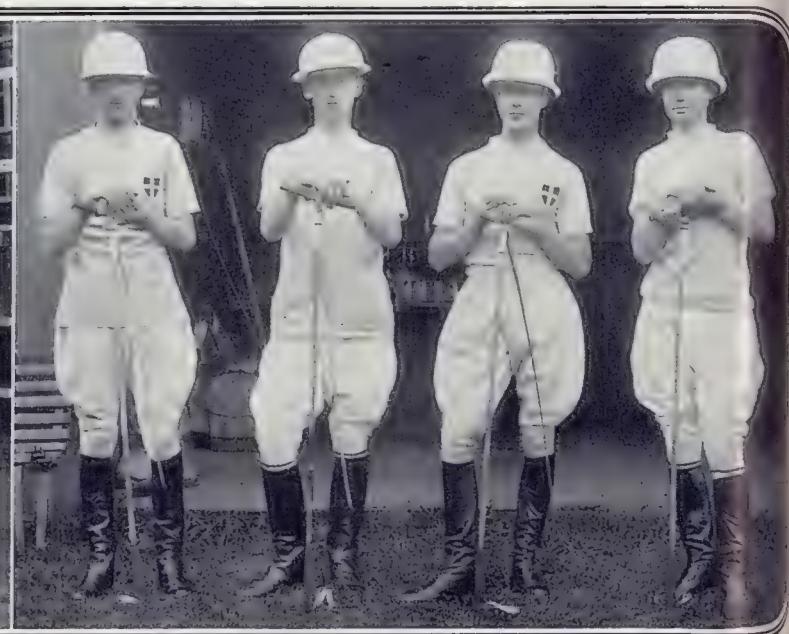
THE ARMY—AT CRICKET

The names, left to right, are: Back row—Lieut. W. V. H. Robins, Lieut. J. R. Col. Captain F. E. Hugonin, Lieut. A. J. T. McGow, Captain B. Howlett, Lieut. A. C. Gore, front row—Lieut. H. P. Miles, Lieut.-Col. E. S. B. Williams, Captain M. B. Burrows (captain), Major A. C. Wilkinson, Major R. S. Rait-Kerr



OXFORD

Left to right: Mr. O. S. Poole, the Hon. W. J. C. Pearson, Mr. M. J. Lakin, and Mr. R. V. Taylor



CAMBRIDGE—POLO

Left to right: Mr. A. Abel Smith, Mr. E. J. R. Nelson, Lord Somerton, the Hon. G. N. Rous



THE HAWKS' CLUB, CAMBRIDGE

Photographs by R. S. Crisp

Left to right: Back—Mr. A. Wakeling, Mr. R. W. Smeddle (Rugby Blue and International), Mr. F. R. Brown (Cricket and Hockey Blue), Mr. R. H. R. Buckston, Mr. A. H. Roeyn Jones (Hockey Blue); seated—Mr. R. R. Vassar-Smith (Soccer Blue), Mr. D. M. Marr (honorary secretary, Rugger Blue), Mr. G. D. Kemp-Welch, President (Soccer and Cricket Captain), R. M. N. Tisdall (Athletic President), and Mr. A. W. Walker (Rugger Blue and Scottish International)

These pictures give a little panorama of what is happening, and is going to happen in the way of sport at Oxford and Cambridge, also a group of the Hawks' Club, all the members of which are figures in 'Varsity sport. In the Oxford v. The Army match at Folkestone, the University were 14 behind with five wickets in hand on the first innings, and at the time of going to press the match is yet to be finished. The Inter-'Varsity Polo match is at Hurlingham on July 9. Cambridge won last year after extra time by 5 to 4. Mr. Abel Smith and Lord Somerton were in last year's Cambridge team. The Oxford team is the same as last year. Last year they were four all at the start of the last chukker, but nothing happened though Cambridge pressed hard and a decision was reached only by playing extra time



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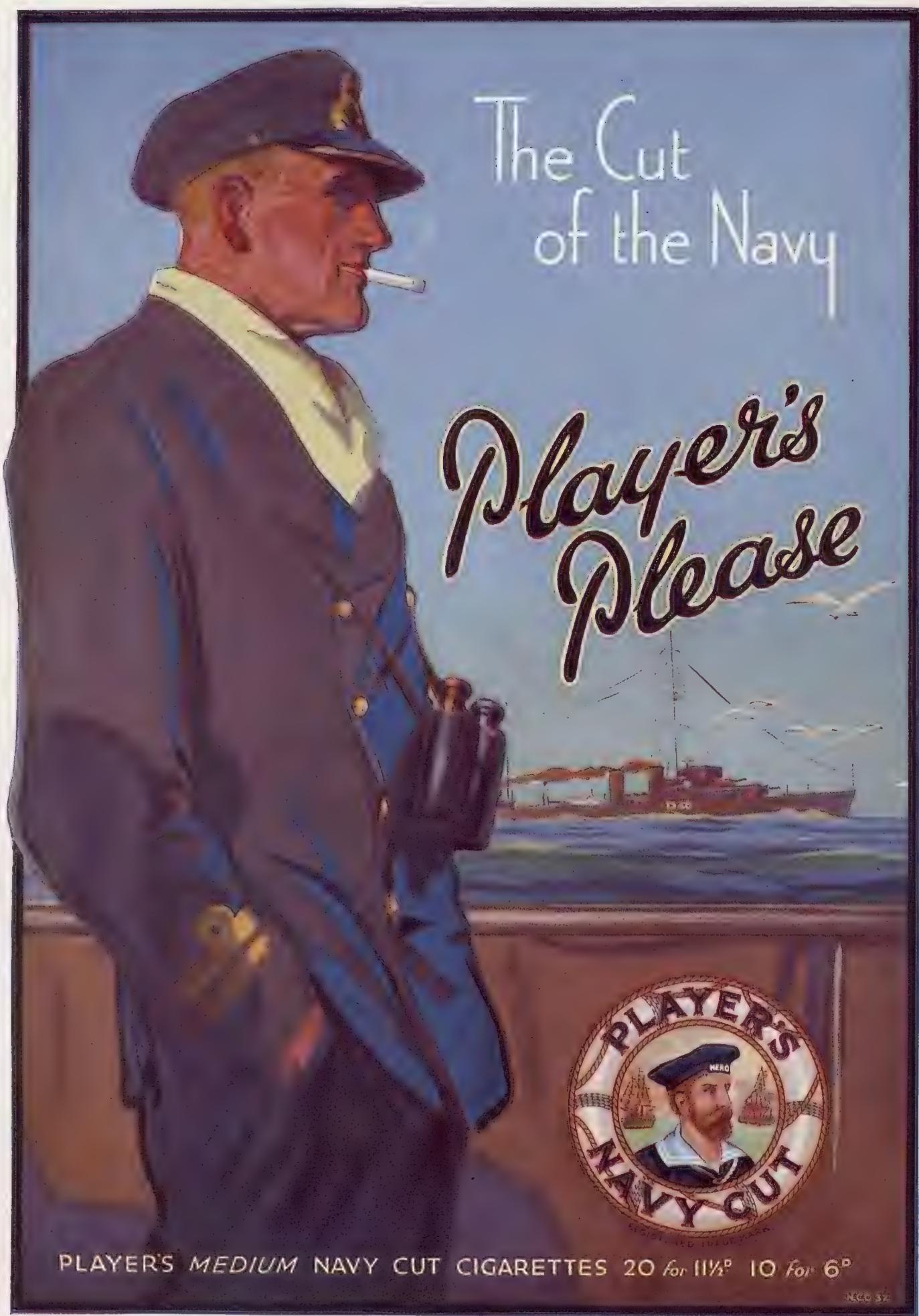
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H. Bateman

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THE STAGE AND SOCIETY



MR. FRANKLIN DYALL, MISS MARY MERRALL, MR. HARCOURT TEMPLEMAN, AND MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD AT NORTHOLT PARK



MISS CONNIE EDISS GOES PONY RACING



ALSO AT NORTHOLT PARK: MR. AND MRS. DAVY BURNABY WITH ANNE AND JANE

That amusing entertainment, pony racing at Northolt Park, has lately been attracting several theatrical notabilities, some of whom appear in the three top pictures. Miss Mary Merrill, who is Mrs. Franklin Dyall in private life, is now playing in "Lovers' Meeting," the women's war play at the Prince of Wales. Her husband's most recent part was in "The Limping Man." Mr. Hugh Wakefield has lately been doing a good deal of film work, and Miss Connie Ediss is one of the joys of "It's a Boy," now in its ninth month. Mr. Davy Burnaby's famous smile was well in evidence at Northolt. In the spring he took his Co-Optimists to Dublin and had a rare welcome. Mrs. Archie Campbell's son, Colin Guy Napier will shortly be celebrating his first birthday, and is to give a Bottle Party (milk) to all his friends. His mother is Sir Guy Campbell's daughter-in-law. Lady Langton, who was photographed in the Park with her tall young daughter Moira, is the wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice Langton. Her husband was knighted last year.



MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL AND HER SON

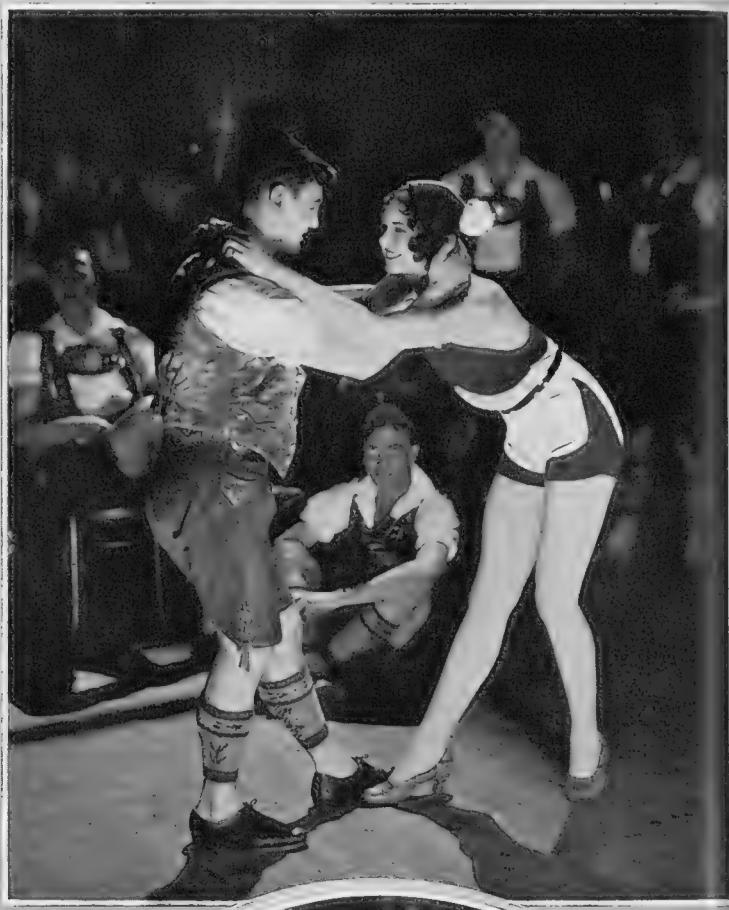


LADY LANGTON AND HER DAUGHTER

BACK-STAGE PICTURES



MISS DINAH GRACE AND HER DANCING PARTNER, HAROLD CHILDS

MISS VI
DONELLIAND BAVARIAN
DANCERS

MR. MAX RIVERS INSTRUCTS THE BALLET



MISS DINAH GRACE

"The White Horse Inn" is one of the big outstanding successes of the year in the London theatre world, and is galloping through two performances daily to packed houses, in spite of increased prices at the Coliseum, which has always been known as a "popular price" theatre. It is a great personal success for Erik Charell, the producer from Berlin. Max Rivers, the famous English ballet master, who is seen in one of these back-stage pictures, has arranged all the dances and is seen giving the ballet a bit of a lecture, and Lea Seidl is seen teaching two of the "babies" of the production German, a language which they have picked up quicker than any of the adults who have attempted it. The chorus is never

AT THE COLISEUM

AND TWO
OF THE
"BABIES"

A MORNING REHEARSAL FOR THE CHORUS



MISS RITA PAGE

permitted the chance of getting rusty, and the rehearsal picture of the "White Horse Inn" girls demonstrates how they keep them polished shining bright. Dinah Grace is a dancer of great charm and an equal amount of beauty from Berlin, and has made a very definite hit in this production. The whole of the principals, excepting Lea Seidl, are English, and this charming little actress has become England's adopted daughter. The Bavarian male dancers are a bit of the real thing—wood-cutters who perhaps may go back to that healthy and strenuous profession unless the stage now takes permanent possession of them. Their performance is one of the outstanding features of the whole show.

Photographs by Abbe



"THE WHITE HORSE INN" GIRLS

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

ACERTAIN doctor always stutters when under the stress of excitement. Not long ago, he had occasion to officiate at an important event. The husband and prospective father, who had set his heart on a son and heir, was pacing the room when the doctor entered.

"Well, doctor," he said, forcing a smile, "what's the news?"

"Tr-tr-try," began the doctor.

"Triplets? Good heavens!"

"Qu-qu-qu," stammered the doctor.

"Quadruplets? Holy smoke!"

"No, no," cried the medico, "qu-quite the contrary. Tr-try and ta-take it ph-philos-ophically. It's a girl."

* * *

George was sitting reading a newspaper when his wife entered the room. "George," she said, "what do you think? Mother wants to be cremated."

"Right!" said George briskly, throwing the paper on one side and springing to his feet. "Where is she? Tell her to put her things on."

* * *

The manager of a music hall had advertised for a number of comedians.

The following day the would-be funny men arrived at the theatre, and one by one the manager had them in his private office to test their abilities.

"No," he said to one of the applicants, "your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theatre."

The applicant stared.

"But," he objected, "I don't use any profanity."

"No," replied the manager calmly, "but the audience would."

* * *

A rooster leaned his head disconsolately against a barn door. "What's the use of it all?" he said, sadly. "Eggs yesterday; chickens to-day; feather-dusters to-morrow."



MISS VERA LENNOX IN "THE BANDITS" *Mabel Robey*

The new play at the Garrick, in which Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry has such a picturesque part—an ex-Cambridge undergrad who has turned brigand king somewhere in a South American republic, where they understand this kind of thing so well



MISS JEANNE STUART IN "AFTER ALL" *William Davis*

Who at the time this picture was taken had just topped her 150th performance in Mr. John Van Druten's much-discussed play, which has been such a success at the Criterion

The business man had been out for a time, leaving his office-boy in charge of the office. On his return he said to the boy: "Anybody call while I was out?"

"Yes, sir, a gentleman called," replied the boy.

"Who was it?"

"He wouldn't give a name, sir."

"Well, can you describe him?" went on the employer. "Was he tall or short?"

"Both, sir," was the reply. "He was tall, and he wanted to borrow ten shillings."

* * *

At an examination of a class in first aid, a member was asked, "What would you do if you found a man in a fainting condition?"

"I'd give him some brandy," was the reply.

"And if there was no brandy?"

"I'd promise him some."

* * *

Young Bobby came home from school, and proceeding to the hutch in the garden held up his rabbit by the ears. "What's six times four?" he demanded. Bunny squirmed. "What's six times three?" Bobby asked. The rabbit wriggled still more. "What's twice one? . . . go on, that's an easy one." After a moment, Bobby put the animal back and remarked in disgust: "I knew teacher was talking rot when he said that rabbits were great multipliers."

* * *

The coloured preacher was waxing eloquent. "Who belongs to de army of de Lord?" he shouted, waving his arms vigorously.

A man jumped up saying, "I does."

"To what branch of de army do you belong?"

"To de Baptist!"

"Get out. You don't belong to de army: you b'longs to de navy!"

* * *

A colonel who had been promoted gave a dinner to his regiment.

Addressing his guests, he said: "Fall upon the food without pity—treat it as if it were the enemy."

At the end of the dinner he observed a sergeant hiding two bottles of wine.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Obeying orders, sir. When you don't kill the enemy you take them prisoners."

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"Take the matter of becoming shades . . . you probably have two or three favourites you feel you must stick to, whatever the fashion. Such limitations are unnecessary . . . and uninteresting, especially in a season when unusual colours are in vogue

"Don't be dismayed. By skilful variations in your make-up you can come to delightfully friendly terms with all the new blues and greens and soft spring-like beige and grey tones. You may even find that you like your new self better than the familiar self that has been faithful for years to brown and navy-blue and rose

"Rich blues are in favour . . . and grey . . . and beige. Blue is kind to the majority of skins, but it has a natural tendency to bring out blue shadows . . . under the eyes, around the mouth. The correct rouge and powder will offset this, and you must select your lipstick with special cunning

"Grey and beige drain the face of colour, and must be combated by a make-up which gives a certain delicate liveliness to the skin. Eye make-up is particularly important with these dove-like shades

"The day when one rouge and one lipstick were enough is gone. Every woman should have at least three tones of rouge and four or five assorted lipsticks to assure successful make-up with every costume

"The off-the-face hats this season have taught us the importance of eye values. A smooth brow and interesting eyes have been essential, and care and make-up have made them possible

"Then, too, the evening dress that has slipped farther and farther down the back has brought about an acute situation. Spines must not be too evident, shoulder blades must be well covered, skin must be satiny. Unless you are gifted by nature with exceptional shoulders, please, *please*, do not wear the backless evening frocks without doing something about it! Bleaching and circulation treatments . . . plenty of rich cream and a good evening make-up are for you

"And elbows! Beware! There is an open season on elbows and you must be prepared. Not only on the beach and under the kindly shaded lights of evening, but in the street, in daytime costumes, elbows are to be exposed. You may not have a dimpled elbow, but see to it that you have a smooth, white one

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AT LYMINGTON: LADY HEATH

They are very fond of the West Solent class of boat at Lymington, and this picture was taken at a recent regatta. Lady Heath was formerly Miss Joy Smith

is absent the kiss falls below its precious standard.

Kissing is the result of two sets of emotional cellular vibrations which attract each other, and become harmoniously merged into a rich chord by contact.

People do not pause quite often enough, perhaps, to think all this out at the moment when they want to strike "a rich chord of contact"; and further, I believe it to be rather difficult for the ordinary person to concoct a kiss-cocktail, containing the ingredients which the professor indicates, in the right proportions. There is again a definite classification where kisses are concerned, such as, for instance, the mere peck on the cheek and the cinema kiss which leaves you in doubt as to whether the operator is trying, either to bite her neck or steal her ear-rings. There is also an almost unbridgeable gulf between the kiss on the forehead and the kiss somewhere behind the ear, and the kiss on the back of the hand and the devouring osculation on the palm, or the goose-flesh-producing one which travels all the way from the wrist up to the deltoid muscle. This is used with great success by villains and heroes

VEN though we may have had a good many things to depress us in this upside-down summer, there are a few counter-poises. One of them is the assurance of a distinguished ex-Ambassador that the time-worn saying that "Diplomacy is Lying-in-State," is quite incorrect; and another, the expert pronouncement by Dr. Josiah Oldfield—an eminent physician addressing, be it marked, an audience entirely composed of ladies—that the old fetish about kissing being dangerous is all rot. Dr. Oldfield ridicules the microbe idea, and I must presume that he never would have made such a statement without the fullest investigation and research. He says:

A kiss should combine affection, respect, and passion, and when any one of these ingredients

alike on both the flickers and the stage and has even been known in real life. I do not admire this species of the thing or consider it "quate nace"; I merely catalogue it for the professor's consideration. However I feel that I may be guilty of gross impertinence by butting in on this subject and pit my amateur knowledge against that of a professional of obviously such great eminence.

As to what the Diplomat says about the truth being an absolute disease in his profession, I note that he adds a rider to the effect that Diplomats only lie when you ask them

impertinent questions. This naturally leaves a very wide working margin, and imparts all the possibilities enumerated by Touchstone, who, if Geneva had been invented in the times in which he lived, would have been absolutely invaluable to any country doomed to produce a representative to attend its symposia.



THE HON. MRS. C. W. HORDERN AND HER CHILDREN

A wonderful and very pretty snapshot taken in the garden of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. C. W. Hordern's house at Brenchley, Kent. The baby is Claire and the elder child Anne. Mrs. Hordern is a sister of Lord Melchett

Francis Lyons
LORD HALIFAX AT HICKLETON
CHURCH

Lord Halifax, who is the father of Lord Irwin, the late Viceroy of India, is to be elected President of the Anglo-Catholic Union this month. This interesting picture was taken on Lord Halifax's ninety-second birthday

Considering how edgy things are, it seems rather asking for a Diplomatic "incident" deputing some French policemen to go and arrest Carnera for failing to report for service in the French Army. It was only a short time ago that there was some talk of a fatigue party of Bersaglieri being detailed to bring Primo up for service in the Italian Army. Quite apart from the manifest physical risks to anyone sent to arrest this Behemoth, it seems inopportune, until the question of the respective sizes of the French and Italian fleets is settled, to risk stirring up further trouble. Primo might boil up into a complication of the first magnitude. It suggests itself that it might even demand the fact of a Solomon to deal with it. That much-married king suggested chopping a baby in half in order to settle a little matter of its parentage. It might not be a bad idea to try the same thing on the Big Boy.

(Continued on p. x)

Reflecting Age and Quality . . .

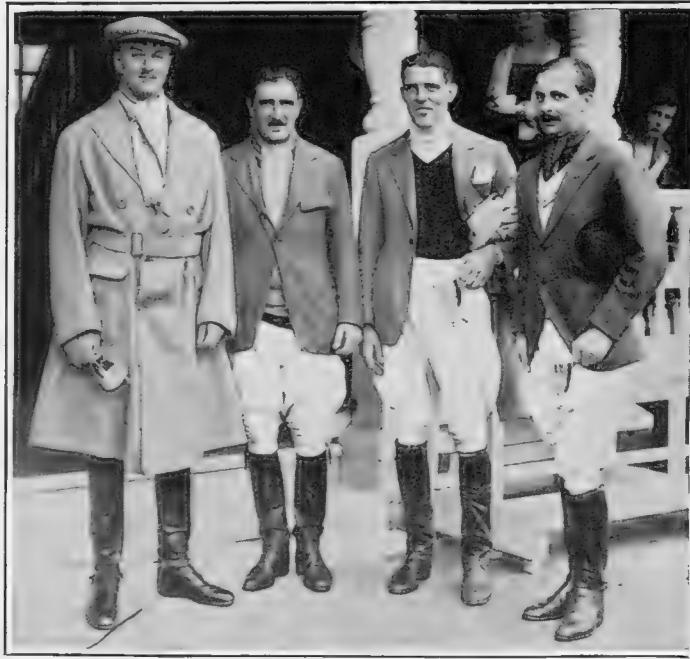


THIS is an untouched photograph of glasses containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how they reflect the shadow of the casks in which it lay, recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in them for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy ; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

*Martell's
Cordon Bleu*



THE PANTHERS WIN AT RANELAGH

Major Magor's team won the long-delayed Whitney Cup, and last week added another scalp to their collection by winning the Invitation Tournament at Ranelagh, beating Los Piratas in a canter by 12 to 6. It was very one-sided, and the Panthers won all the way over. In the group are Major P. Magor, Captain H. G. Morrison, Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, and the Hon. W. W. Astor

CONCERNING the few notes I published in this page the other day about the New London Hunting and Polo Club which is in process of formation, the secretary in writing a quite too kind letter of thanks, says that he wishes that I would emphasize the fact that members of the club will get their hunting "free" with the Puckeridge, Essex and Hertfordshire; that is to say that these three hunts have consented most generously not to sting the members for either a subscription or a cap. In these hard times when even the most opulent hunts find it difficult to make ends meet satisfactorily I think this is very noble of them. The secretary tells me further that an option has been secured on one or two places in the Puckeridge country. I should think that the principal difficulty would be to get some spot where there is room for at least two full-sized polo grounds, and that one of the heaviest items of the initial outlay would be that concerned with putting them into fighting trim. I am only going by what has happened at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton, the best and biggest centre of its kind in all England. I also know something of the work it has meant to Major T. J. Longworth and his committee to put things into the excellent shape in which they are. I hope the London Hunting and Polo Club will be able to surmount all and any difficulties in this direction, for we could do with more polo grounds within easy reach of London very well. Now that Hurlingham have had to give up Worcester Park owing to the general hardness of the times, the only other polo grounds outside of London are those of the Stoke D'Abernon Polo Club near Cobham; so that if this other scheme fructifies, as I hope that it will, any extra easement will be a boon, especially if the grounds are as well drained as the

POLO NOTES

By "SERFILE"

Beaufort ones. They would take the strain off the London Clubs which I feel certain would be only too ready to come to some working arrangement for use of these new grounds in an emergency. I fear, however, that wherever the eventual site secured may be, they may be on clay soil, which is not always easy to deal with and drain. However, let's hope that all will be well and that these added conveniences may come into being by the beginning of the polo season next year.

* * *

At the time of writing, and touching wood, things in connection with the principal London tournaments are being permitted to progress, and save for occasional cloud-bursts with thunder, lightning, rain, and hail, nothing extraordinarily bad has happened. No further earthquakes have happened, and even the weather prophets have not managed to find any stray tornados knocking about with which to cart us. This is not to say that if there should be any we shall not get them, for we must recognise that we are an absolute loadstone for anything unpleasant. To bring the diary of the Inter-Regimental up-to-date since last I had a chance of recording anything about this, to me, the most interesting



LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY AND MISS SCHREIBER

Like the picture below, this one was taken at the Melton polo ground on a day when the ladies were busy. They have a keen lot of players, and Lady Priscilla Willoughby, the younger of Lord and Lady Ancaster's two daughters, is one of them



AT MELTON: THE HON. MRS. GILBERT GREENALL AND A. N. OTHER

Ladies' polo up Melton way has been flourishing for some years past, as a good many people know, and the Melton team has won whenever it has come up to London to play. Most of the hunting people take it on. The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall was formerly Miss Betty Crawford, and is the widow of the late the Hon. Gilbert Greenall, who was a son of Lord Daresbury

This put the Blues in against the 4th Hussars in the second round, the R.A. against the 7th Hussars, the 11th Hussars v. the Bays. As remarked in the notes of last week, we, who dwell in the smoke, much regretted that the good match between the Bays and the Greys was not for most of us, as it was played at Tidworth, and as I ventured to anticipate was a real

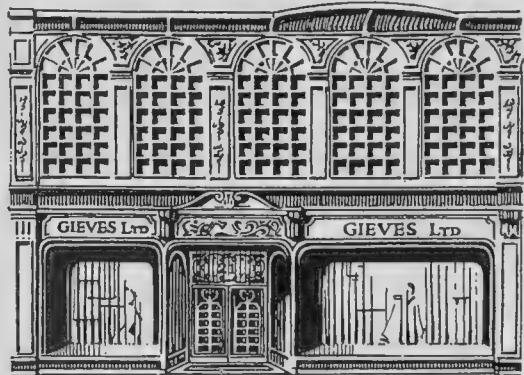
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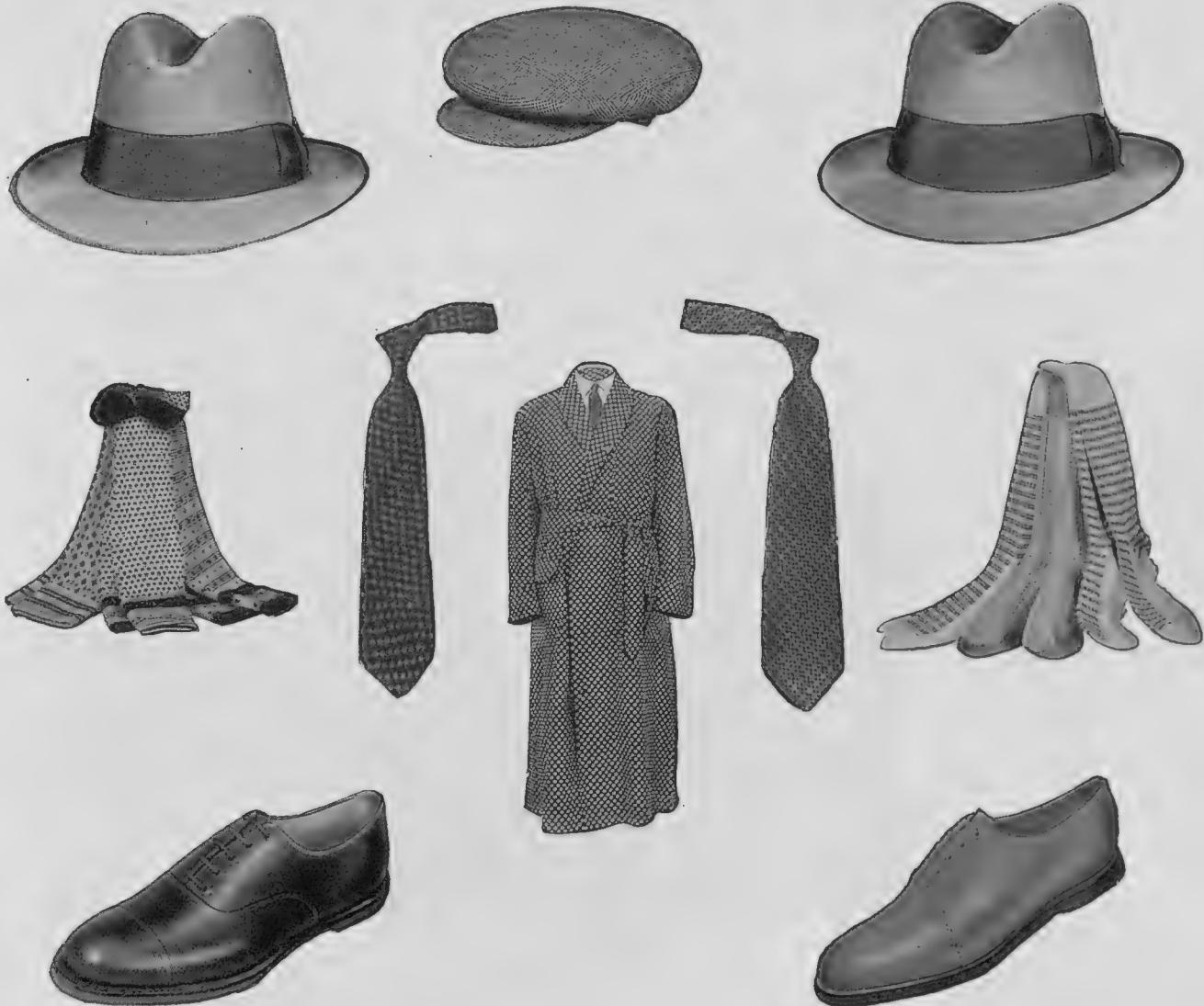
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PETROL VAPOUR :

By
W. G. ASTON.

The Case is Altered.

IMAGINE that very few people regard the returns of the Board of Trade, in reference to imports and exports, as an intriguing form of light literature, in spite of the popular prices at which they are issued. Somehow (it may be a lack of modernity in the layout) these documents do not usually seem to be attractive reading. But the latest volume must have been so to the true patriot, for it clearly showed that, whatever might have been going on in other parts of the world, we had at last shoved our friends, the invaders, out of our own territory. In other words, Britain is now entirely converted to the British car, and has no (or very little) use for any other. This is all very much to the good, for we have always

prided ourselves upon buying what was best irrespective of where it came from, (for that reason I doubt if the intensive "Buy British" campaign has really done much good) and the present state of affairs is more than an indication that our factories are turning out the right kind of car at the right kind of price. Congratulations, therefore, to all concerned. Far be it from me to emulate Mister Aquarius of the well-known Zodiac family, and throw cold water upon that which is naturally warm with enthusiasm. But one or two points must be dealt with whilst the opportunity offers. One, of course, is that whilst American, French, Italian, German, and Belgian cars have been largely ousted from the British Isles, there are still quite large lumps of the world in which our own product is as yet scarcely known. Many firms (as we have of late had ample proof) are determined to put this matter right, but we should be idiotic to regard this particular job as having been done and finished. It is one thing to have got the invaders on the run; it is quite another to capture and hold that which is enemy territory. But we are well on the way, I confidently believe, to the latter consummation. Therefore, I say, "Good luck to the enterprising, energetic Britons who are carrying on with the good work." If they keep up the pressure their success is assured.

A Trifle of Advice.

So far, so good. But now I am going to have the appalling cheek to teach my grandmother to suck eggs. Let my frank admission of the fact be put to my dwindling credit. Honestly I would not touch upon the question I have in mind

were it not for the fact that THE TATLER penetrates to every quarter of the inhabited globe, and that, in consequence, I have to deal with some little far-flung correspondence. I cannot possibly shut my eyes to the fact that many of these chaps find the same fault with British cars as I do myself. Some people would say that these faults were too trivial to be mentioned, but that is a view I refuse to take. *Imprimis* I assert that their electrical arrangements, whilst not positively bad, are

not good enough. Every one of my last eight British cars has let me down very badly in the starting department, and that in despite of the most favourable temperature conditions. In several cases I have had to buy spare batteries, the fixing and unfixing of which is always a most infernal nuisance. In others I have had to have the batteries recharged every six weeks or so, even in the height of summer when engines are not commonly stiff. On numerous occasions I have been put to the expense of summoning costly long-distance taxis simply because the starting of my cars was beyond the muscular ability of anybody within reach. Rarely have I felt so ashamed as when a near neighbour offered me a timely lift upon a fifth-hand American muck-heap which, nevertheless, had a starting installation that never showed the slightest sign of failing. All the rest of the car was constantly going wrong, but that part never did. The average modern engine is not an easy thing to crank. The British manufacturer has performed miracles of price reduction and quality advancement. I am disposed to think that in these enterprises he has pared his electrical stuff too fine.

* * * * *
But they Count.

Let us take another trivial example. On one of my cars the speedometer drive makes more noise than the rest of the

(Continued on p. xvi)



AT THE LEICESTERSHIRE AERO CLUB

A group taken last week at Desford Aerodrome of some of the officers and members of this very thriving flying club, which has over 900 members. In the top row, left to right, are: Mr. P. S. Clifford, Captain C. E. Lynch-Blosse, Mr. R. J. Barr (who is one of those who has won a "Tatler" prize), F/O S. M. Thomas, Mr. W. C. Henderson, Mr. B. Franklin, Mr. H. P. Lasender, Mr. R. W. Harker, Mr. W. Garlick, Mr. H. R. Ellison, Mr. S. Brown (secretary), Mr. W. Higham, Mr. B. C. Winn (Chairman of the committee and one of the pioneers of the club), Mrs. W. Higham, Mr. J. Cobb, Mr. W. Wightman, Mr. R. H. S. Brown (assistant secretary), Mr. C. H. H. Macleod, Mr. R. S. Freestone, Mr. C. A. Brown, Mr. F. W. C. Marshall, and Doctor Tait; in front—Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Lynch-Blosse, Mr. C. H. Bolton (chairman), Mrs. C. A. Brown, Miss V. Brown, and Mrs. F. Marshall



AT RYDE LAST WEEK: LORD FORSTER AND SIR FISHER DILKE, BART.

On Ryde Pier on the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta day. This picture was taken just before they went aboard Lord Forster's 8-metre "Nona," which was competing, and judging by Sir Fisher Dilke's sou'wester it looked as if they expected a rather wet passage. Sir Fisher Dilke married Ethel Clifford, who is the authoress of many graceful poems

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New Ford 24 h.p. Cabriolet: £210 at works, Manchester (14.9 h.p. £5 extra)

THE BEST OVER A term of years, and therefore also the least costly. Not the lowest in purchase-price, or tax-rating; but no car of comparable carrying capacity, of comparable performance, on the level or uphill, offers so much of real motoring for your money as does the New FORD.

It looks good. It is. It is neat and trim, inside and out. It carries, as standard equipment, everything you need, although it wears no jewellery. Its design, material and workmanship are 100-per-cent. efficient. If you buy a car to use, buy a New FORD.

Everybody who knows cars will respect your sense of value when you use a New FORD. The nearest FORD Dealer will be glad to show you, not merely to tell you, why what you really want is a New FORD.

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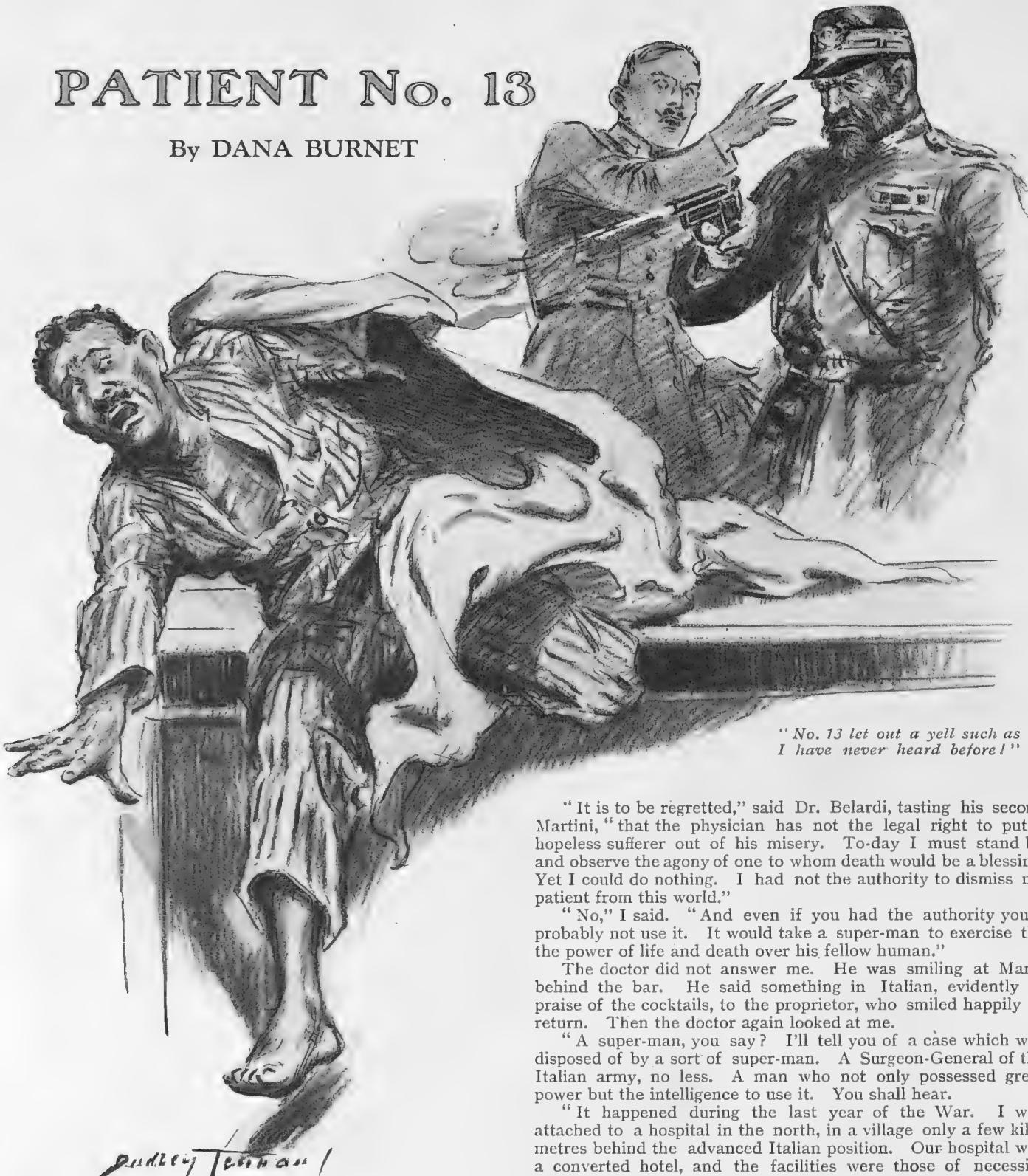


FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

PATIENT NO. 13

By DANA BURNET



"No. 13 let out a yell such as I have never heard before!"

"It is to be regretted," said Dr. Belardi, tasting his second Martini, "that the physician has not the legal right to put a hopeless sufferer out of his misery. To-day I must stand by and observe the agony of one to whom death would be a blessing. Yet I could do nothing. I had not the authority to dismiss my patient from this world."

"No," I said. "And even if you had the authority you'd probably not use it. It would take a super-man to exercise the power of life and death over his fellow human."

The doctor did not answer me. He was smiling at Mario behind the bar. He said something in Italian, evidently in praise of the cocktails, to the proprietor, who smiled happily in return. Then the doctor again looked at me.

"A super-man, you say? I'll tell you of a case which was disposed of by a sort of super-man. A Surgeon-General of the Italian army, no less. A man who not only possessed great power but the intelligence to use it. You shall hear.

"It happened during the last year of the War. I was attached to a hospital in the north, in a village only a few kilometres behind the advanced Italian position. Our hospital was a converted hotel, and the facilities were those of necessity rather than convenience. We did the best we could. Our operating-room was located in the grand suite on the second floor, a suite formerly reserved for Americans and bridal couples, and its only advantage was its privacy. One could amputate a man's leg there, even when there was a shortage of anæsthetics without disturbing the whole place. I have served in other improvised hospitals—. But no matter.

"There was one patient I remember particularly, not only because of his desperate condition, but also because of the fact that he occupied room No. 13. Room No. 13 was on the third floor at the rear and, by some irony of circumstance, perhaps of fate, the most hopeless cases constantly were going into and shortly coming out of it. It was a horrible room, which we all regarded with a superstitious loathing, though I cannot remember that it was different in any respect from the other rooms.

"The patient of whom I speak, a soldier of the Alpini, was one of those hopeless cases. During an advance, while attacking an Austrian position high up in the mountains, he had come to grips in hand-to-hand combat with a gigantic Austrian. The Austrian, whose great size he remembered as one remembers a

MY friend, Dr. Belardi, told me this story. Dr. Belardi is a physician of standing, with a large Italian-American practice. He served with honour in the Italian medical corps during the War. He has also another distinction, namely, that of being the chief patron of a certain speak-easy, known as Mario's, in West Forty-sixth Street, New York. In fact, it was the good doctor who established his compatriot Mario in business; an act of charity for which the latter was duly grateful. So also, I may add, were others of us who enjoyed the hospitality of this excellent speak-easy. But for Dr. Belardi Mario reserved always an especial greeting, a smile that came from his heart, and an imported gin that came from a secret compartment under the bar.

It was a pleasure to be known as a friend of Dr. Belardi.

One night I dined with the doctor, who had just come from a hard day's work at the hospital. He was tired and a little depressed, a fact that Mario immediately noticed. The cocktails that night were magically mixed and shaken.

(Continued on p. iv)

BUCHANAN'S



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Mrs. A. H. Bowhill making a speech before presenting the Scottish Foursomes Cups and other awards. Miss E. E. Helme is in support, and on the left are the winners with Mrs. Hudson

THE last time that "Eve" Scottish Foursomes were played at Gullane the chief requisite besides good golf was a sunshade or a shady hat. June was June in 1925, in 1931 June was January. Had it been the first month of the year instead of



Scottish winners of the Scottish Foursomes at Gullane: Miss Susan Walker (Dunbar) and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (St. Rule)



Miss C. Weir puts her back into it for the benefit of Miss C. M. Park at Gullane

the sixth players would have been grateful for the occasional gleams of sun, and noted how transparent was the green of Aberlady, how blue the waters of the Firth, in spite of the clouds that were drifting over Old Reekie. But since it was June and summer was supposed to have come, players were a little reproachful about it, as they blew on numbed fingers, and spectators were a trifle envious of those who had come out to watch in fur coats and best rabbit gloves. Also a strange and wonderful requisite had replaced sunshades. An ex-Scottish Champion solemnly betook herself to North Berwick and there bought a small shrimping net, which bore the



Loaded up: Mrs. John Hay with Mrs. Duncan. The latter was Mrs. Wallace's partner at Gullane, and reached the fourth round

and Miss Cotgrave (runners-up). On the right are the defeated semi-finalists, Miss Regnart, Mrs. Guedalla, Miss Robertson-Durham and her sister, Mrs. Ian Bowhill

niblick company as a more effective weapon for extracting rubber cores from bunkers. Even Gullane had produced casual water by way of welcome to Miss Enid Wilson, who had honoured the Scottish Foursomes by coming straight on from Portmarnock to try her luck in them.

Eve at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME



Miss M. Druitt and Miss N. Thomas of Gullane with Mrs. Hugh Percy, who was Miss Enid Wilson's partner in the Scottish Foursomes. They met in an early round, and the local pair went near to eliminating their famous opponents

But Open Champions have so far made this journey in vain. Miss Wethered did not win the first Scottish Foursomes in 1924, nor did Miss Wilson the eighth in 1931. A real good Scottish pair was to do that, Miss Clem Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, who was the first Foursomes runner-up and the Championship winner in 1924, and Miss Susan Walker of Dunbar, who was a complete winner early in the week, with her Scottish recitations at an inimitable cinema show organized by Mrs. Watson with the ostensible purpose of raising money for the National Playing Field's Association. Raise money it certainly did, fifteen pounds odd, but what Miss Susan Walker raised was laughter.

Prophecy beforehand was that Miss Wilson and Mrs. Hugh Percy, playing from scratch, would be invincible, or else that Mrs. J. B. Watson, and

(Continued on p. xviii)

The Ciro Pearl necklace illustrated complete with real platinum or gold clasp costs but one guinea. The clasp shown, set entirely with Ciro diamonds, is No. 151—10/6

Clasp these lovely pearls around your own throat

You never knew you had such creamy skin? . . . You'd never noticed so much radiance shone in your eyes? . . . That's always the effect of fine pearls—to bring out feminine charms and illuminate a woman's subtler graces. The loveliest woman looks a little lovelier in pearls. In even the plainest they discover some unsuspected beauty. And Ciro pearls are simply the very finest pearls—reproduced with a realism that is uncanny at a price as low as one guinea for a complete necklace.

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Wear this, or any other Ciro necklace . . . every day . . . for 14 days. And if, after you have seen its effect on you (and other people), you can bear to take it off and send it back, we will willingly refund the purchase price.

Send for the Ciro Pearl and Jewellery Catalogue, free on request.

Ciro Pearls

The Ciro art catalogues are a decided acquisition to the smart woman. They illustrate the latest examples of Ciro's exquisite art of modern jewelcraft, at prices as low as one guinea. And with them at hand, to choose from at leisure, she will find it easy—for a moderate expenditure, to keep her jewellery as up-to-date as her hats and frocks.

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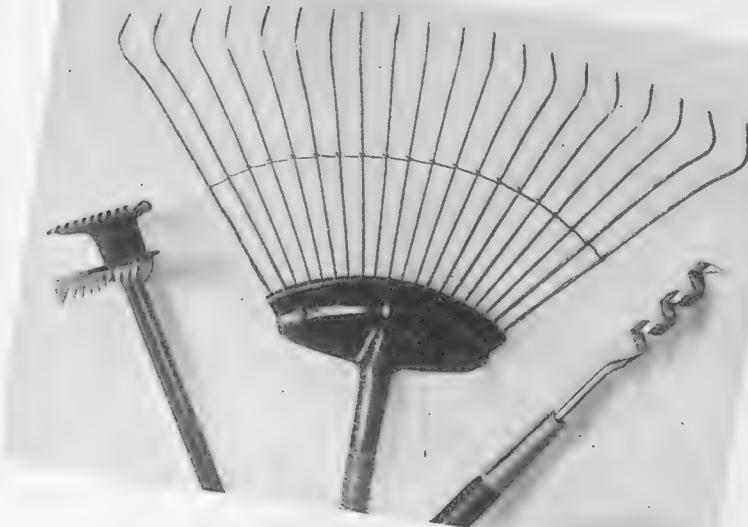
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EDINBURGH . . . at Jenners
BERLIN { . 106 Leipzigerstrasse
 14 Unter den Linden

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Garden needs are subject to the laws of fashion, and as a consequence Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., have created some thoroughly practical implements that are sure to meet with the amateur gardeners' warmest approval; the roses and foliage above are the result of their work. On the left is a new leaf rake for 5s., it does its work very well. In the same group are the Dandy and Ivanhoe weeders; therefore it is not necessary to kneel



Important features of the apron on the left are hooks and slots for the gloves, knife, scissors, and bass; there are two capacious pockets, and in front it is waterproof and padded for kneeling. Robbed of the knife it is 25s. 6d. The scheme is completed with a white check gingham overall and linen hat. The wicker carrier, as it is sometimes called, is on wheels and may be used for tools as well as rubbish and other things

The apron portrayed on the right is for women who do not take gardening too seriously; it is embroidered with brightly-coloured wools. In this instance the overall is plain, relieved with a touch of colour to harmonise with the embroidery on the apron, the hat being of straw. The basket is attached to a stick, one end has a crook and the other a sharp point



Models, Harrods

Pictures by Blake

Come to Cyclax and see how quickly expert treatment will bring your skin back to looking and being its individual best

Halfway through your first treatment in my Salon—look in the mirror. In the strongest possible light without a trace of make-up — you will see a skin that is literally shades lighter in tone ; smoother in texture ; clear as you have never seen it since you were a child. Does that sound like a miracle ? It isn't really. At all times and seasons a certain amount of acid waste matter collects in the pores of your skin—accumulating too quickly for your tired body to throw off. No skin can keep clear and lovely right through the season's feverish round while its vitality is being drained in this way ; that is where Cyclax can help as nothing else can. It is the only beauty treatment that begins by drawing out every particle of this poisonous waste. You can see the difference at once—for the first time in years, perhaps, you will discover how lovely your skin can be at its very best. Moreover I shall be able to suggest a simple routine that you can easily keep up when you cannot get to the Salon. Without costing you extra time or money, Cyclax offers you this solution of the beauty problem—a saner, simpler treatment than you have ever known.



Cyclax Special Lotion. Draws all acid waste matter out of the skin, leaving every pore clean. Excellent for removing blackheads, sallowness and sunburn. 5/6, 10/6.

Cyclax Skin Food. Builds up tissues. This is for normal skins. It is also made in three other strengths. Cyclax Special "O" Skin Food for dry skins, Cyclax Special "E" Skin Food for building up relaxed chins and throats, and Cyclax "Baby" Skin Food for sensitive skins. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Complexion Milk. (Slightly astringent.) Prevents open pores and relaxing of the skin. Eradicates lines. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Soap. Specially prepared from a secret formula, with an exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes every trace of skin food. Its emollient qualities soften and whiten the skin, are a beauty treatment in themselves. 3/6 per tablet.

Cyclax Blended Lotion. Protects the skin from exposure and gives it a velvety finish under powder. For dry skins, Cyclax "Sunburn" Lotion. For greasy skins, Cyclax "Salusta" Lotion. 4/6, 8/6.

Cyclax Cleansing Lotion. Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. Instantly removes all trace of dust and make-up. 4/-, 7/6.

Cyclax Powder. Is made in 7 shades, or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6, 6/6.

FREE BOOKLET. Send to-day for the free Cyclax Book, "The Art of Being Lovely." It tells you all about the Special Lotion and Cyclax Treatment, giving you full directions for using everything in the Cyclax range and help with your own special skin difficulties.

FREE ADVICE. If you want advice and cannot visit the Salon, you have only to write to Frances Hemming, 58, South Molton Street. Every woman who seeks my advice is remembered in our correspondence files, where a complete record is kept of her special needs.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Regardless of Original Cost.

At Jay's (Regent Street) summer sale the Paris models will be sold regardless of original cost; they include the creations of Agnés, Chanel, Patou, Molyneux, and Worth. Many handsome fur-trimmed ensembles are offered at about half the cost of the fur alone. In the ready-to-wear department there are well-tailored coat frocks in black and white shepherd's plaid trimmed with silk piqué for 6½ guineas. A useful three-piece in laurel green French cloth lined with crêpe de chine is 8½ guineas. The catalogue is ready and will be sent gratis and post free.

* * *

From July 6 to 25.

Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street, W.) sale is from July 6 to 25. In the lingerie department floral voile chemise and knickers are 5s. each, and this is the cost of boudoir caps and milanese vests. In the model gown department there is a collection of dresses for £15; they were from 18½ guineas to £40. Evening dresses which were 12½ guineas are now £5. In the coat and skirt department all models have been reduced to half; it is really wonderful the gilt-edged investments that are to be obtained for 6½ guineas and 98s. 6d. The sale catalogue is worthy of careful study.

* * *

For Six Days Only.

Harrods' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) sale is for six days only; it begins on July 6. The catalogue is ready and will be sent on application. Included in it are 500 summer frocks of printed cambrics, novelty prints, and voiles for 5s. each; they are for personal shoppers only. Lace two-piece affairs, copies of French models, are 42s. each. Tweed model coats are being offered at less than half price, viz., £4, and country coats for 29s. 6d.

The small women's department must certainly be visited as the reductions in prices are unprecedented.

* * *

Everything Greatly Reduced.

As no catalogue is issued in connection with Robert Heath's (Knightsbridge) sale, a visit is essential, the prices of everything have been submitted to drastic reductions. There are printed crêpe de chine two-piece ensembles for 6½ guineas,

evening dresses from 8½ guineas, and model hats half price.

* * *

A Sale of Furs.

From past experience it is well known that a visit must always be paid to Percy Vickery's (235, Regent Street, W.) during the sale. It is in progress, and everyone will admit that a rich harvest is to be reaped there. By the way a note must be made of the fact that



These fur coats are included in Percy Vickery's, 235, Regent Street, W., summer sale; the one on the left is of pony skin and the one on the right of natural musquash

all furs purchased now will be stored free of charge until the autumn. By the way, it must be related that there will be a decided vogue for short and long fur coats later on. The short coat pictured on the left of this page is made of the

finest quality pony skins, and although they wear extremely well they are remarkably supple; in black or natural shades it is 12½ guineas; it seems almost unnecessary to add that there are many versions on this theme carried out in all the fashionable pelts. The long coat is of picked natural musquash skins and has had its price reduced from 25 to 19 guineas. Among the outstanding bargains is a Henri Bergne bronze musquash coat trimmed with fox to tone for 15 guineas, original price 79 guineas. There are a few natural black musquash coats trimmed with skunk for 35 guineas, usual price 95 guineas.

* * *

Very Special Prices.

Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W., are offering prior to their sale, which begins on July 13, a varied selection of gowns, suits, coats, wraps, and millinery at very special prices. It seems almost unnecessary to add that no catalogue is issued.

* * *

Wonderful Value.

Wonderful value is to be obtained at Woollards' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) summer sale. The catalogue is ready, and will be sent on application. Included in it are useful frocks for women of generous proportions. They are made of printed fabrics with georgette collars, and are available for 5 guineas. Sleeping gowns in soft wool, useful also for lining as extra warmth in dressing gowns, are 19s. 9d. Beach suits in gaily-coloured cretonne with plain tops and separate boleros are 18s. 9d. Tennis enthusiasts will welcome dresses made of ivory Macclesfield crêpe in 42, 44 and 46 sizes. They are 39s. 6d. All Parisian models have had their prices reduced by half.

* * *

Throughout July.

All models, including hats, are at cost price at Richard Sand's, Sloane Street, sale; it is in progress and continues throughout July. Furthermore, all garments made to order during this month will cost 25 per cent. less than usual. Among the notable attractions is a man-tailored cardigan suit in a wool woven fabric which suggests tweed for 3 guineas. Shantung skirts made to order are 2½ guineas.

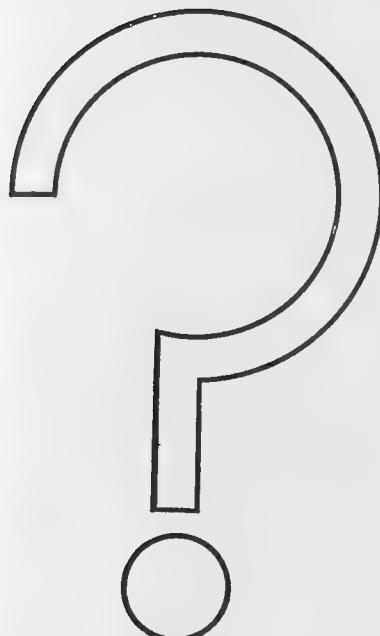
* * *

Unprecedented Opportunities.

Walpoles', 89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street, summer sale offers unprecedented opportunities of buying the finest values in Irish linens and linen goods at rock bottom prices. In some cases the prices quoted in the catalogue are lower than in 1914. There are pure Irish linen pillow cases for 2s. each, and double damask table cloths for 10s. each. Also 1,000 pairs of cotton sheets offered at half price.



Is unsuspected constipation spoiling your looks?



Constipation destroys health. But it also strikes at something which many women value more—their very looks. When foodways become congested, poisons enter the blood. And these poisons, even more surely than does time itself, bring lines, wrinkles, dull eyes and lifeless hair. In Eno's "Fruit Salt" we have a safe, pleasant and simple means of preventing this self-poisoning. Eno co-operates with nature, through osmosis, in diluting and punctually dismissing all waste matter from our bodies. Take Eno every morning, and let inner cleanliness preserve your looks. Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6.

ENO'S 'Fruit Salt'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" connote the world-famed effervescent saline of J. C. Eno Ltd., and are registered trademarks. B.I. 123.

Patient No. 13—continued from p. 38

figure seen in a nightmare, had torn his rifle out of his grasp and had smashed him over the head with it. Our poor No. 13 had fallen senseless, had been picked up and sent back to us with his head smashed in. We operated and put a silver plate in his skull. But the unfortunate fellow was completely paralyzed from his neck to his heels.

"He was conscious. His mind was clear. He could talk, though he preferred not to. His eyes were those of a dog that has been ill-treated by a cruel master. Yet he did not die. He remained in that fatal room on the third floor longer than any before him. We marvelled at his stubbornness and spoke of him always as 'No. 13.'

"Then one day we received a visit of inspection from the Surgeon-General, whose name I need not mention was a huge man, over six feet tall, with a grim coppery face covered by a thick growth of black beard. He was a fearsome-looking figure; and as he

strode from room to room, asking questions and barking out orders, the staff doctors trembled and the patients shrank under their blankets, as though in apology for their wounds.

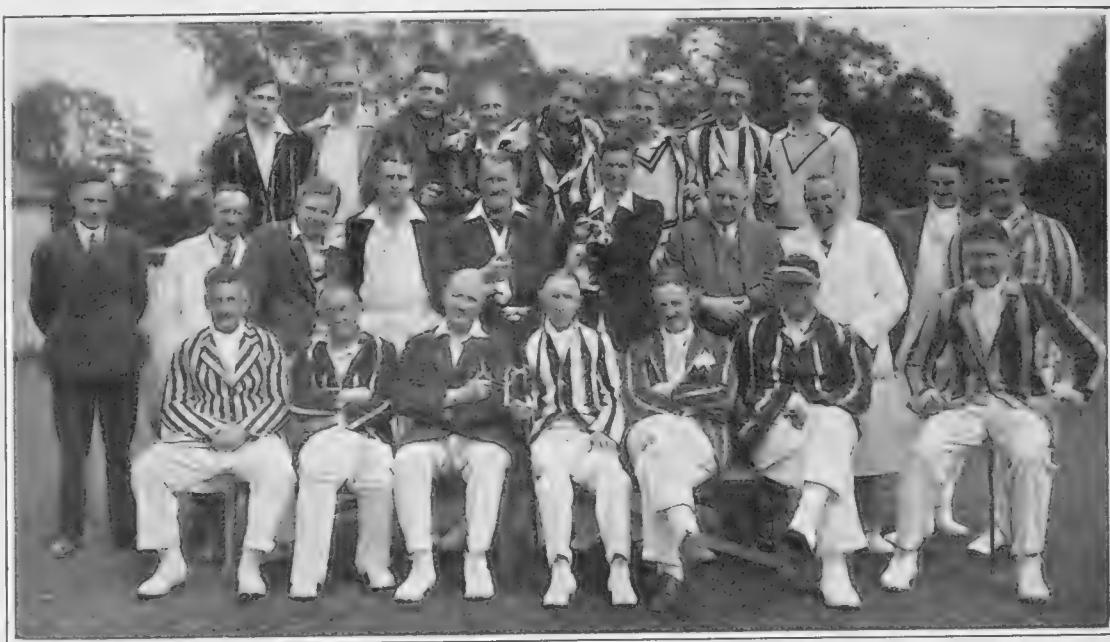
"He was particularly interested in the case of No. 13, whose face paled and whose eyes opened wide with terror at the sight of him. I knew that our patient was thinking of that other big man, the Austrian

who had cracked his skull, and I feared a tragedy. But after staring fiercely into the patient's distended eyes for a moment, the Surgeon-General turned and walked out of the room, growling over his shoulder to me: 'I want the history of this case, if you please.'

"Half an hour later, by the great man's orders, No. 13 was carried downstairs to the operating room. He was placed upon the operating table. Then, to our astonishment, the Surgeon-General ordered everyone from the room except me. Even the anaesthetist was dismissed. 'Close the door,' said the General, looking sternly at me.

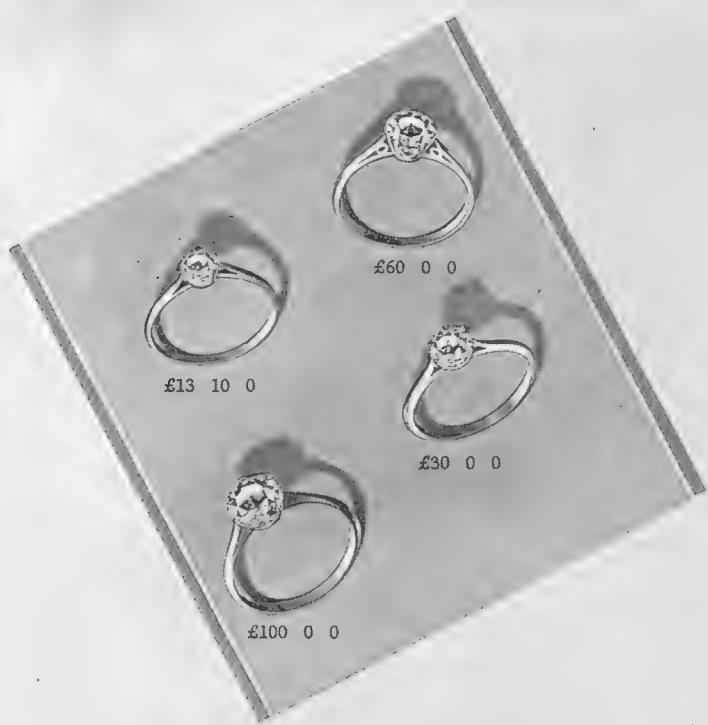
"I obeyed, feeling a queer prickling sensation along my spine. I was hardened

(Continued on p. vi)



THE H.A.C. BEAT THE LEICESTERSHIRE GENTLEMEN

Bale
The two teams taken at Market Harborough, where this annual fixture was played. It was a first innings decision, and Leicestershire were badly beaten. They were all out for 69 (S. Taylor 8 for 18), and the H.A.C. then got 146 for nine. The names included in the group, left to right, are: top row—P. J. Haycock, J. M. Bradshaw, S. Taylor, C. F. Morice, J. C. G. Mackintosh, M. H. Lee, T. H. Needham, and C. Merriman; second row—A. Hart (umpire), Harrison Ainsworth, Clive German, Gordon Salmon-Reynolds, W. F. Curtis, Captain Charles Fowler, W. H. Todd, and the Rev. Croydon Burton; seated—W. H. C. Porter, — Mackenrot, A. M. Peach, Captain Haydn (captain of H.A.C.), Captain E. S. Beadon (captain of the Leicestershire Gentlemen), D. H. Rigby, and R. W. Watson



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Patient No. 13—continued from p. iv

to the miseries and the brutalities of war. But this was something different. There was a cold determination in the General's eyes that lifted the hair on my scalp.

"He stood at the foot of the operating table, with his huge arms folded across his chest, making the ribbons on his left breast bulge like little flags swelled by the wind. The patient lay utterly motionless, helpless, his paralyzed body as incapable of movement as if it had been made of wood. Only his frightened eyes moved and were alive. Pathetic and desperate, they followed the General's slightest gesture.

"Doctor Belardi!" said my superior, suddenly.

"Yes, sir?"

"It is your opinion, is it not, that this man is hopelessly paralyzed?"

"Yes, sir."

"That also," said the general, "is my opinion. Therefore I have decided that he is to be put out of his misery."

"I was so shocked I could not speak. I could only stare at the individual who dared utter such words.

"The general went on, calmly: 'It will be the best solution for all concerned, for the man himself, for his family, and for Italy. We will arrange matters with decency—afterwards. I myself will see to that. His family will receive an official telegram, saying that he died on the field of battle. They will receive a posthumous medal, and a message of sympathy from the King. Also, instead of being taxed by the burden of caring for a helpless cripple, they will receive the pension of a soldier who has died a hero. Have you any objections to offer, Dr. Belardi?'

"'Objections!' I exclaimed. 'Objections! Good God, sir! You can't do a thing like this! It would be sheer murder.'

"I was conscious all the time of the fact that No. 13 was listening to every word we spoke. I dared not look at him. But I could feel the emotion of awful horror that clutched his heart. He made no sound, but I knew he was suffering the tortures of the damned.

"The general looked fiercely at me.

"'Am I to understand, Dr. Belardi, that if I order this man to be destroyed you will refuse to carry out my command?'

"'Sir,' I said, 'I am a soldier as well as a physician, and I am your subordinate. But if I were to be shot for it I would not consent to this crime against humanity, which would be also a crime against God.'

"The general smiled. I thought then that it was the most diabolical smile I had ever seen on human lips.

"'You are too squeamish, Dr. Belardi. But I will respect your sentimetality to the extent of withholding my command. No one shall say

of me that I fear to accept full responsibility for my actions. Stand aside, sir!'

"'No, no,' I cried. 'You can't —. It's unthinkable.'

"'Stand aside,' shouted the general, and with a quick movement he drew his automatic from its holster.

"My immediate instinct was to spring at him, to knock the gun from his hand. But I could not, I am ashamed to say, move a muscle. I could not. I was as helpless under the spell of that implacable will as the doomed creature lying paralyzed on the operating table.

"As one in a frightful dream, I watched the Surgeon-General slowly raise his automatic and point it at No. 13. Straight at those wildly-staring eyes the sightless steel eyes of death were levelled. Then the General pulled the trigger.

"There was a flash and a roar.

"At the same moment No. 13 let out a yell such as I have never heard from a human throat. It was not a sick man's cry. It was a lusty, living yell. And simultaneously, to my unspeakable amazement, I saw our hopeless cripple fling off the sheet that covered him, leap from the table and dash like a bounding deer for the door of the operating room.

"In a flash he had opened the door and was out in the corridor, still yelling. We heard him bellow like a bull as the orderlies caught him.

"I stood with my mouth open, gazing stupidly at the Surgeon-General. That great man, returning his automatic to its holster, looked at me and smiled.

"'A pure case of hysterical paralysis, Dr. Belardi,' he said. 'I think that you will find your patient permanently cured—by a blank cartridge!'

Dr. Belardi stopped at this point and, lifting his cocktail glass, drank the last of his Martini. "Two more of the same, Mario!" he called to the proprietor behind the bar.

Mario nodded, and at once began to mix the Martinis.

"But was it true?" I asked. "Was your patient, No. 13, permanently cured?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Belardi. "He was cured. He returned to the front, and served his country with honour till the war ended. But oddly enough he never forgave the Surgeon-General for frightening him back to health. On the other hand, he insisted upon regarding me as his saviour. So when he turned up in my office in New York, one day two years ago, and asked me for financial assistance, I felt I must give it to him to justify his faith in me. And so," added the doctor, smiling, "our famous patient, No. 13, is now serving his adopted country, if not with honour, at least with a certain genius of his own."

And Dr. Belardi pointed to Mario, vigorously shaking cocktails behind the bar.

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A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

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One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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Some permanent wavers, though they advertise Eugène Waving, use imitation sachets for the sake of cheapness. So that you may know whether your hairdresser is using genuine Eugène Steam Sachets, a sample Sachet (with an interesting booklet), will be sent to you, free, for your inspection. Apply to address below.

IN beauty, naturalness and permanency, the Eugène Wave is comparable only with the most perfect natural wave. The basis of this lies in the exclusive Eugène method—and the Eugène Perforated Steam Sachet. From the Eugène Steam Sachet comes clean, harmless steam which has this magical effect on straight hair—it produces in it, permanently, those very qualities which exist in naturally curly hair, and which make natural waves so distinctive and fascinating. But only Eugène Steam Sachets can give you a genuine Eugène Wave.

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MRS. A. T. FRIPP

Whose marriage to Mr. Alfred T. Fripp, the well-known surgeon and son of the late Sir Alfred Fripp and Lady Fripp, took place yesterday (June 30) at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street. She was formerly Miss Kathleen Kimpton, and is the only daughter of Mr. Charles W. Kimpton and the late Mrs. H. J. Kimpton, of Northwood, Middlesex.

Phelps, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George de B. Phelps of 27, Queensborough Terrace, W., are being married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, on July 11; on the 15th, Lieutenant Evan Ford, R.N. (retired), and Miss Violet Adeline Churher will be married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; the 18th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. Alan Luke and Miss Hilda Wethered, which is to be at Christ Church, Down Street, W.; and on the 25th Mr. Charles William Thomson marries Miss Mary Alsager Sheringham, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Autumn Weddings.

Some time in October, Captain Gerald A. Eastwood, R.A., attached Sudan Defence Force, who is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Seymour Eastwood of West Stoke, Chichester, is marrying Miss Jean Ina Maurice, the elder daughter of the late Mr. C. J. K. Maurice and Mrs. Charles Maurice, of Manton Grange, Marlborough, Wilts; and in September, Captain A. G. S. Alexander, Central India Horse, the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Alexander of Broadway, Worcestershire, and Miss Rosemary Taswell Richardson, the second daughter of the late Mr. Charles Taswell Richardson and of Mrs. Richardson of Chastleton House, Moreton-in-Marsh, are being married.

* * *

This Month.

Mr. Douglas Firth, the younger son of Mr. T. James Firth, late of Stanton Woodhouse, Yorkshire, and Miss Sheilah

Recently Engaged.

Dr. Ronald Reffelle Shapland, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Shapland of East Gate House, Cookham, Berks, and Miss Gabrielle Burton-Jones, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Burton-Jones of "Bagatelle," Boulter's Island, Maidenhead, have announced their engagement; Lieutenant E. H. Gelson Gregson, R.N., only son of Colonel E. G. Gregson, C.M.G., C.I.E., and Mrs. Gregson of Rake, Hampshire, and Miss Mabel McGregor, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Arthur McGregor of Salvington Lodge, near Worthing; Mr. James Mawdesley Brander, the son of the late Colonel and Mrs. A. J. Brander, and Miss Dorothy Beatrice Coleridge, the daughter of the late Mr. H. J. Coleridge and Mrs. Coleridge of Hove; Major Reginald Anson Mansell, M.B.E., Royal Army Medical Corps, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mansell of Oxton, Cheshire, and Miss Gladys May (Jill) Ellison, the daughter of the late Rev. William Ellison and Mrs. Ellison of Cambridge.



MR. AND MRS. TREVOR FENWICK

Photographed after their wedding on June 10. Mr. Trevor Fenwick is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Fenwick, and his wife was before her marriage Miss Elizabeth Meldrum, the younger daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. A. M. Meldrum

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LEMONS deteriorate with keeping. Most lemons are kept boxed for months before reaching you. Meanwhile the citric acid steadily decreases, together with a notable proportion of their flavour and vitamins. And these are the lemons you use for home-made lemonade.

Compare lemonade, made from such lemons, with Kia-Ora, made from fresh fruit, gathered from our own trees in the sunny groves of Messina; crushed on the spot at the moment of tree-ripeness fresh lemonade made from perfect fruit, saturated with sunshine when its vitamin content is at the highest.



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Many people prefer Kia-Ora Orange Squash as it is slightly sweeter than the lemon. White cane sugar already added, nothing required but water.

KIA-ORA

LEMON OR ORANGE

CASTLES OF SPAIN



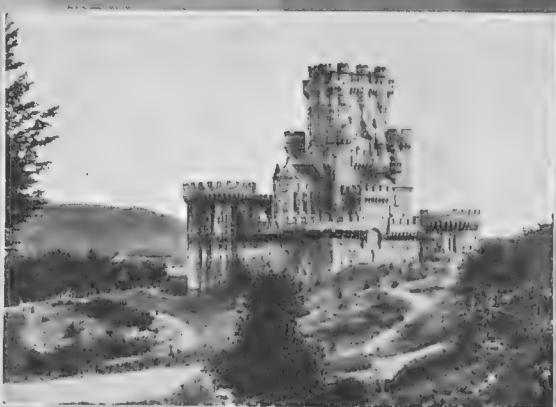
Avila. General view.



Alcazar of Segovia.



Castle of Mombeltrán.



Castle of Butrón.



Castle of Guadameci.

MORE than two hundred command its plains and crown its mountains. Here are some examples.



Castle of Coca.



Castle of Manzanares el Real.

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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 32

A little story of an ex-Excellency was recalled to my memory the other day by someone who has just come home on leave from the part of the Empire over which that Excellency used to preside with such distinctive grace. Stories about Excellencies are usually told with greater safety when the heroes of them have ceased to be Excellencies. This one is perfectly safe. H.E., whilst he was everything that an H.E. should be in the way of upholding the prestige, and seeing that nothing was lacking in the way of pomp and panoply, absolutely loathed the sight of an official file, i.e. work collected by some Secretary or other, and upon which H.E.'s final decision had to be given. There was one file in particular which he could not abide, and had managed to shoo off fairly successfully to the despair of the unfortunate Secretary who was trying to get the job through. When the last week of H.E.'s tenure of his august office arrived, the Secretary made one final effort, and appeared before The Presence with the hated file, and almost with tears in his voice implored a decision. His Excellency, a most kindly man, was touched, and so he said: "All right, Sir Hamley-Bacon, I'll promise to go through it, and you might leave it with all these others which as you see are littering my table! You can rely upon my giving it my earliest attention!" So far so good! H.E. eventually departed in the customary blaze of

magnificence, and garlands of quite unpleasant-smelling flowers which it is the rule must be hung round Excellencies' necks by the distinguished nabobs, beaks, and bloods of the Empire over which they have ruled, and in due course it became the Chief Secretary's business to have a run over the files and other things which were to become the business of the Next Man In! This is what the Chief Secretary found written in blue pencil across the file, that the departed one had loathed so much: "A Hell of a job for my successor!"

* * *

A further incident connected with the strange capers into which lovers and those that way inclined run has come to my notice. It has to do with a beautiful clairvoyante and a chap I know. He and a charming woman he knows were talking about mysticism, thought-reading, and such like, and my friend said: "I don't believe any of it! It's all bilge!"

"Well," said his Girl Friend, "are you game to go and test it? Go to the lovely Sapphira, the clairvoyante, about whom we are all crazy! See if she doesn't surprise you! Rather your weather, too, as she's some looker, believe me!"

So he went. He said to Sapphira, who had sapphire eyes and hair the colour of a red setter, and was as beautiful and lithe as a snow leopard: "Well, I'm told you can read people's thoughts!" She never answered, but up and hit him two of the most awful swipes, left and right, and nearly knocked him out. He left Sapphira's Bogey Boudoir a converted man.



SPEECH DAY AT SHREWSBURY SCHOOL

A group of the Head Master and Governors of the famous school in Shropshire taken on their Speech Day last week. In the picture, left to right, are: Mr. T. P. Deakin, Canon Sawyer (the Head Master), Mr. E. T. Page, Sir William Holdsworth, Viscount Bridgeman, Sir Samuel Morris, Sir John Miles, and Captain Sir Offley Wakeman, Bart.



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Always with your COFFEE
BOLS KÜMMEL

Polo Notes—continued from p. 34

good fight. For the first four chukkers there was nothing in it, and they were a brace each. After that the Bays got well into their stride and put in three without permitting the other side to do any damage, and they were leading 5 to 2 close on time, when Mr. Humphrey Guinness, the Greys back, got one, and the match ended as recorded above. The Bays are the more seasoned team, and they are most excellently together. It looks like a Bays v. Gunners final so far as one can see, for it seems as if the Gunners were pretty certain to beat the 7th Hussars, and the Bays ought to beat the 11th Hussars. If I am right the final will be a match well worth seeing, especially after the R.A. effort in the Championship v. Merchiston. The Bays have been knocking at the door for three seasons v. the 17th/21st Lancers, and the Gunners are the only people who have beaten the victorious combined Lancer team since the War. Both these teams are well-seasoned, and have practically all their original units available. In the R.A. match with the 5th D.G.'s at Aldershot, although they won by the comfortable margin of 11 to 6, it was not a procession by any means, as the heavy cavalry hung on like grim death for half the trip, and it was for all when the second act started, i.e. at half-time. This, I think, was a most satisfactory feature because the 5th D.G.'s are a subalterns' team, and it will not be surprising to see them go pretty well in the Subalterns' Cup in the first round of which they again bumped into the Gunners and beat them 8 to 5.



Victor Hey

A RED CROSS INSPECTION IN YORKSHIRE

The Marchioness of Normanby presenting the cup to Mrs. Fox-Linton, commandant of the North Riding 22nd Detachment Red Cross, which won the cookery competition. Mrs. Fox-Linton was responsible for the whole of the arrangements for this inspection, which took place at Burniston Barracks, and she was highly complimented on her success by Sir Hugh Bell, H.M. Lieutenant for the North Riding. Sir Hugh Bell is on the left of the picture

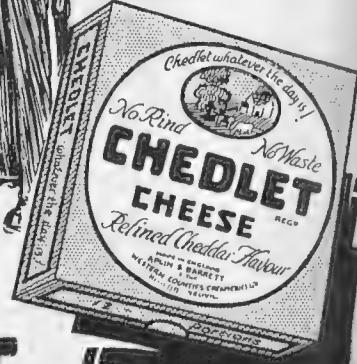
NICKNAMES, BADGES & TRADITIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY



GRENADIER GUARDS
1657
"THE
SANDBAGS"

The nickname of "The Sandbags" is a reminder of the conspicuous bravery of the Grenadier Guards at Inkerman, which won for them no fewer than four Victoria Crosses. The Grenadiers displayed extraordinary heroism in defending the famous Sandbag Battery, an outwork entirely surrounded for some time by dense masses of the enemy.

Fortify yourself for work or play with Chedlet Cheese, the finest nourishment. Hygienic wrapping, handy for packing and sharing out at picnics, etc.



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The three teams which drew byes in the first round of the Inter-Regimental were the Life Guards, the 4th Hussars, and the Royal Navy. The 4th Hussars are a Subalterns' team, and we saw them have a blow-through v. The Chinchillas at Hurlingham on the 17th and, giving them 4½, beat them by 11 to 8½. Considering how short a time the "Pig Killers" have been back in England and the restricted chances they have had at York of meeting anything that would really stretch their girths for them, I think they have worked miracles. The 4th are a hard-punching lot of people, as their achievements in a thing called the Kadir well testify, and they have been playing polo on the fast Indian grounds which compel quick thinking, and even if they are out in the Inter-Regimental their progress in the Subalterns will be interesting to watch. They drew a bye in the first round, and this put them v. The Blues in the second. They beat them 9 to 7. For old (and new) association's sake dis nigger wishes them all the luck which he feels they deserve.

* * * * *

Everyone was glad to see that Lord Louis Mountbatten's ankle was well enough to permit him to come back and take command of his Bluejackets again in a recent knock-up with the Scots Guards at Hurlingham. It was only a knock-up because the sailors won by 20 to 7½, which was exactly the amount of start they had to give the Guardsmen on handicap; but the main thing was that the Bluejackets' skipper was able to play at all. I had no intention of being a bird of ill-omen when I expressed the fear that that ankle was going to be a long job.



A MILLION LIGHTS... FAIRY SIGHTS..... EXOTIC NIGHTS...

BLANCHE ARCHITECTURE

EVENTS SCHEDULED FOR JULY

INDO-CHINESE NIGHT: Torchlight Procession—Fête on the Lake of Cambodge—Concert by the Royal Native Guard of Hué.
INDO-CHINESE DAY: The Procession of the Dragon—The Play of Living Chessmen—Procession of King Luoc.

THIRD GRAND COLONIAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: American Gala.
BELGIAN WEEK: Fête of Flowers—Concerts at the Theatre d'Eau—Torchlight Display—Gymnastic Fête.

THIRD CHILDREN'S GALA: Dances and Colonial Music.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: Gala of the Romance of the Colonies.

FÊTE OF THE COLONIAL ARMY: Historical Pageant from 1650 to to-day.

NIGHT FÊTE: Grand Illuminated Display on the Lake.

FOURTH GRAND COLONIAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

AT THE THEATRE D'EAU: Night Gala—Native Dances.

GRAND FANTASIA: Exhibition by the Spahi Regiments.

FOURTH CHILDREN'S GALA: Colonial Dances and Music.

AT THE THEATRE ANNAMITE: Conference and auditions on Indo-China.

GALA MUSIC of the Grenadier Guards and the Garde Républicaine.

Against the star-studded sky sculptured towers, bathed in brilliant light, blaze in fantastic splendour . . .

Fabulous animals, weird carven monsters, crouch motionless in the shadow of dark palms . . .

Cunningly illuminated fountains spray showers of scintillating diamond cascades . . .

In narrow Moroccan streets, lamps shine on dark faces. Heavy Eastern perfumes are wafted on the breeze, and from native eating places come tempting spicy odours . . .

The distant roar of lions adds to the illusion of being in a distant strange land . . .

This is the Exhibition at night.

By day, this mammoth spectacle is amazingly fascinating and instructive. At night it is a mystic land of enchantment—a veritable setting for a thousand and one nights' entertainment . . . alluring . . . mysterious . . . thrilling as the age-old East.

Myriad lights cleverly concealed shed eerie beauty on the transformed Bois de Vincennes, the lovely park where this colonial cosmos has been gathered for the delight of the Western World.

Hundreds of thousands of visitors are pouring into Paris to spend days seeing the marvels of the transported Orient and nights under the spell of this enchanted realm of exotic beauty. The Exhibition is open until October, but now is an excellent time to see for yourself fairy sights that probably will never be duplicated.

THE INTERNATIONAL OVERSEAS EXHIBITION PARIS 1931

BLANCHE ARCHITECTURE

Air Eddies—continued from p. 14

Where Money is Wanted.

There are so many worthy aeronautical objects which are short of money that it is the greater pity if valuable prizes are given for flying feats without careful scrutiny of the objects to be achieved. Lord Wakefield nobly supports the King's Cup race year after year, and has endowed it this year with cash prizes to a total of £500. But there is scope for another good race—not this year, perhaps, for the Schneider Trophy attracts all the attention—but in future years.

The Aerial Derby ought to be revived and, if a little thought were devoted to it, a formula might be found which would attract entries and encourage progress, provided always that there were large money prizes to be won. Those who are ready to offer financial support to aviation then should beware of settling the type of competition they will endow without first taking advice as to the sort of advances most urgently needed.

No race can take the place of the Schneider Trophy as a pure speed event; and if Great Britain wins this year when the race is flown in the Solent in September, there will be no further racing on the same lines for some years. But formulae can be found, as they have been found in motor-car racing and motor-bicycle racing, limiting the capacity of engine or the weight of the machine or some other factor and providing a not too costly basis of competition.

The basis of the King's Cup race this year, in which only private aeroplane owners may take part, is an experiment. Most people in the air world predict that it is an experiment that is foredoomed to failure. But that does not mean that it is a bad experiment or that successful limiting formulae could not be found for other races. The first need is always money. And the person who will present money to aviation for the right kind of competition not only makes possible the permanent inscription of his name in aeronautical history, like Jacques Schneider, but also obtains the gratitude of all interested in flying.

Aircraft and Motor Bicycles.

Motor-cycle races were mentioned just now as being of the type for which successful formulae have been found. It seems that there is a close connection between motor-cycling and flying, for it is impossible to find a motor-cyclist who is not also interested in aeroplanes. The Broxbourne Aero Club, which has just been opened at Nazeing, has on its board the Frogley brothers, who are famous on the dirt track.

Many of the men who were riding this year in that most dangerous and most genuinely thrilling of all sporting events, the Tourist Trophy

series of motor-cycle races in the Isle of Man, are aeroplane pilots. And now I hear from the Cinque Ports Club that their instructor, Mr. K. K. Brown, has been whirling round some strange saucer track with vertical sides in company with Mr. H. M. Johnston, who is inured to this kind of thing.

One other member of the club, Mr. A. J. S. Morris, who won THE TATLER flying scholarship at the Cinque Ports Club, followed Mr. K. K. Brown's example and was taken for a ride, though not with the result that attends so many of those who are taken for a ride in the works which form the Edgar Wallace collection.

As announced elsewhere, the other five TATLER pupils who attained, at Lympne, to the semi-finals for the scholarship, were Mr. C. A. Bottles of Herne Bay, Mr. A. J. Drake of Hythe, Mrs. Gubbins of Barham, near Canterbury, Mr. C. L. Archdale of the 1st Batt. Manchester Regiment, Shorncliffe, and Mr. H. F. Nalson of Ramsgate.

* * * *

An Alpine Puss Moth.

Mr. G. H. Ambler of Chellow Grange, Bradford, has out-distanced the youth who bore midst snow and ice a banner with a strange device, for he took off from Lausanne Aerodrome in his Puss Moth, G-ABDG, with one passenger and sixteen gallons of petrol and flew over Mont Blanc at a height of 18,500 ft. The total time in the air was 1 hr. 20 min.

The Puss Moth was in standard touring trim, for Mr. Ambler was on holiday in Switzerland. His passenger, a Swiss ex-military pilot, was surprised at the capabilities of this British light aeroplane.

The following results have come to hand regarding our Flying Competition:—

AIRWORK SCHOOL OF FLYING, HESTON—WINNER: Miss E. M. Jackaman, Highfield, Slough, Bucks.

THE LONDON AEROPLANE CLUB—WINNER: Mr. R. B. Brock, Acland Mansions, Park Avenue, London, N.W.2.

HULL AERO CLUB—WINNER: Mr. P. H. Rayner, Windcroft, Hornsea, E. Yorks.

THE HANWORTH CLUB—WINNER: Miss S. Tilney, Cadogan Street, London, S.W.3.

THE LANCASHIRE AERO CLUB—WINNER: Mr. A. Jesson, High Lawn, Worsley, Lancs.

THE NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE AERO CLUB LTD.—WINNER: Mr. D. Wilson, Akenside Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Results from other flying schools will be announced as received.

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the popular leading lady in "Stand Up and Sing" at the London Hippodrome, writes:—

"If you want to keep fit take Phosferine, as it is not only a pick-me-up, but a genuine health-giving nerve tonic. For anyone who must keep up to concert pitch Phosferine is the incomparable and infallible remedy, as it is sure, trusty and safe. It is not only a splendid tonic, but a preventive against mental exhaustion, headaches and lassitude. The life of an actress is a strenuous one. Dancing, and being continually humorous, making the audience laugh, and generally acting in every sense of the word is sometimes very difficult, and I have always to be aglow with fresh energy, full of life, and generally on top of the world. To do this I take Phosferine."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

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Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT--
the Summer Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses!
Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6

Aldwych

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 38

mechanism. It does not affect the performance of the automobile, but a more desperately irritating thing I do not know. It has been expertly "attended to" time and again. The penalty one pays for its silencing is that it delivers gobs of grease into one's passenger's lap. Possibly, with advancing years, my toleration for childish faults is evaporating, but it is the truth that the persistence of this silly blemish often stultifies the other admirable qualities of the car. Now in the whole of my experience of American vehicles (and, off-hand, I would say that the same applies to other imported cars) I have never come across a noisy speedometer. Also very few of them suffer from wheel-wobble, which is still a marked malady in many British makes. Even their dash-board clocks I must concede to be better than ours, for I prefer a time-piece that chucks in its hand altogether to one that is either obstinately slow or wantonly fast. It may very well be said that if these are all the faults that I can find with the British car (though of course in many they do not exist) I have not much to complain about. And that is fair comment. But nowadays cars are so good in their major features that minor shortcomings stand out quite alarmingly by contrast. And after all, a motor that does only sixty when it is supposed to do seventy is much more easily forgivable than one which stubbornly jibbs at starting. Judging from my overseas correspondence the pin-prick inconveniences cause far more bad temper than the radical breakdowns. Let the former be eliminated, and I think we can complacently say that we are not only on the road to the recovery of that which we never had, but that we are about to take, and keep, some very valuable fresh territory. I only wish that the bold spirit which enlightens our car manufacturers to-day equally inspired the captains of other industries. But now I must steady my pen, for there is a rule that must never be broken—which is that no sort of Petrol Vapour must have any tendency to a political tinge. What I was going to say was that the whole damn gang of profligate incompetent. . . . All right then. A call out of turn. Let's have a fresh deal! Wouldn't we love one?



LARRY GAINS

The boxer who recently completed Phil Scott's downfall. He is shown by the side of a Buick car at Leicester just prior to his latest fight

Motor Notes and News

At the recent wedding of the daughter of His Highness the Maharaja of Bikanir, India, to the Prince of Kotah, the bride's father presented two Cadillacs to the young couple. The prince received a gift of a seven-passenger Cadillac touring car and the princess an Imperial Cadillac limousine. Among the guests were twenty-five ruling princes of India, who had come to witness the wedding ceremony, which was celebrated with great pomp. The Cadillac limousine attracted a great deal of interest as it contained many novel features which had been installed at the express wish of the princess. The most unique innovation were the screens of fine gauze ingeniously fitted to the doors, windows, and even the partitions. The gauze can be raised or lowered independently of the windows, as the princess must be shielded from public gaze when travelling. The ruling family of Bikanir are enthusiastic motorists and have four other Cadillacs and a La Salle in the royal garages.

* * * * *

The magnificent victory of France in the French Grand Prix was obtained on British K.L.G. plugs. Very great publicity has been devoted to the fact that this was made possible by British tyres, and as the engine was fitted with British plugs, it will be agreed that equal credit is due.

* * * * *

First and third place and the Manufacturers' Team Prize were secured by riders of machines lubricated with Wakefield Castrol oil in the Junior Motor-Cycling Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man. Riding a Norton, P. Hunt came first with the record average speed of 73.94 m.p.h. G. E. Nott (Rudge) was third. P. Hunt was also a member of the Norton team which won the Team Prize, the other two riders being S. Woods and J. Simpson.

* * * * *

A new club for owners of Singer cars has just been formed, with Mr. A. W. Waite, of '59, Wroughton Road, Clapham Common, S.W. 11, as secretary. The subscription is 5s. per annum. Committees have been appointed to deal with the social and competition side of motoring.

**The ALL-ENGLAND
LAWN TENNIS CLUB
WIMBLEDON**

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GRASS GREEN COURTS

The Fernden Grass Green Court is claimed to be the only court with a

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describing the Rotary Maximus principle and giving particulars of the various models. The name of your nearest jeweller carrying Rotary Maximus watches will also be sent on request. Moise Dreyfuss, Moorgate Station Chambers, London, E.C.2.

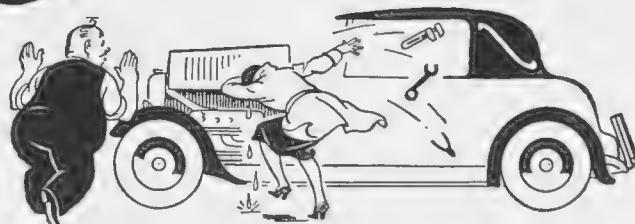
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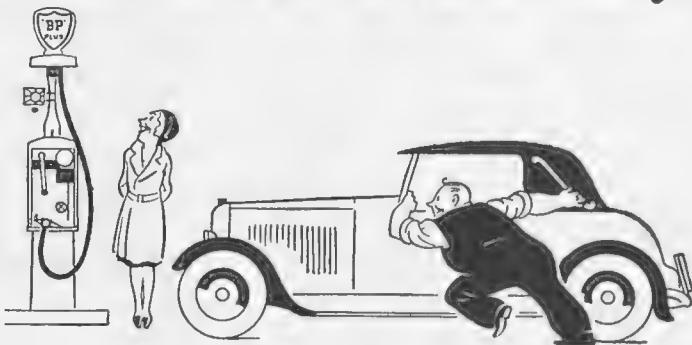
The two watches illustrated are priced at £4:15:0, Sterling Silver; £8:8:0, 9-Carat Gold; £11:11:0, 18-Carat Gold.



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Miss Helen Hicks, the noted American golfer, won the Eastern Women's Championship at Rosslyn, Long Island, and was rewarded by the Griscom Cup

Mrs. Catlow and Mrs. Lee certainly won by 9 and 8 but otherwise Miss Montgomery's side took the prize as chief executioner of the first day. Miss Cotgrave and Mrs. Hudson played the first Scottish Foursomes winners; Miss Irvine and Miss Robertson, were fortunate not to lose the match at the 17th and again at the 18th and 19th, but gave due thanks for luck by holing a four-yard putt to win at the 20th.

The talk of the next morning was the beautiful golf of Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Ernest Hill. In the afternoon it was Miss Wilson and Mrs. Percy who were pleasing the gallery. Miss Montgomery and Miss Walker who were giving them a fright by having dormy two against them and only winning at the 21st. On the Thursday morning the great match

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 40

Mrs. Ernest Hill might merit that title. A final between the two was predicted. Nobody quite knew how immensely Miss Walker's game had come on under the watchful eye of Jack White nor how Miss Montgomery had regained confidence. Nor did anyone suspect that Miss Cotgrave and Mrs. Hudson, who dashed up from London without so much as knowing whether they had progressed from the waiting-list into the draw, would progress still further into the very final itself and only lose on the very last green.

The waiting list, like the stormy weather, was a new feature of "Eve" Scottish Foursomes. Both perhaps added a spice of life, though the plaintive plight of those who were too late wrung everybody's heart.

Miss Montgomery and Miss Walker started off with a dash. They gave eight strokes, they won by 8 and 7, they were out in 41. Mrs. Catlow and Mrs. Lee certainly won by 9 and 8 but otherwise Miss Montgomery's side took the prize as chief executioner of the first day. Miss Cotgrave and Mrs. Hudson played the first Scottish Foursomes winners; Miss Irvine and Miss Robertson, were fortunate not to lose the match at the 17th and again at the 18th and 19th, but gave due thanks for luck by holing a four-yard putt to win at the 20th.

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was Miss Montgomery's side v. Mrs. J. B. Watson's, Mrs. Watson giving three strokes. An immense putt of Miss Walker's for a two at the 9th pulled her side round the corner, after which they never looked back until they had won by 4 and 2. They had an easier time of it in the afternoon, but Miss Wilson and Mrs. Percy, who had been *in extremis* the day before and only won at the 21st against Miss Druitt and Miss N. Thomas, were firmly pounced upon by Miss M. Robertson-Durham, and her sister, Mrs. Ian Bowhill, pounced upon and beaten 6 and 5, although only receiving five strokes. Accordingly each semi-final was an England v. Scotland affair, for Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart had come through their quarter and were up against Miss Montgomery and Miss Walker in the top half. They were to come no further for Miss Montgomery's side was out in 37, and won by 6 and 5.

The Robertson-Durham sisters could not repeat their putting, and went out on the last green to Miss Cotgrave and Mrs. Hudson. That was where the final finished, after thrills so tremendous that somebody even carried a long-clothes baby up the notorious Gullane hill rather than miss a shot; Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville walked all the way round, and high officials of the law ran. No wonder, it was a hair-raising, a jaw-exercising match (for the English pair are the last remnants of the gum-chewing brigade). They were 1 up and 2 to go, but at the 17th Miss Cotgrave, who had played such extraordinarily fine golf till that moment, broke down. Miss Montgomery and Miss Walker, though they might confess afterwards to playing as if in a dream, were very much awake with the actual shots, and finished the match with as good a + as anybody could have produced under such stressful circumstances.

Mrs. A. H. Bowhill presented the prizes most charmingly.



Mrs. Lane, of the Worsley Golf Club, whose score of 67 in an open meeting won for her club the cup presented by the Salford Royal Hospital

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

It is with the deepest regret that we received the tidings of the death of Mr. Theo. Marples, which occurred on June 7. Mr. Marples was one of the outstanding personalities of the dog world, where he was universally respected and esteemed for his integrity of character and his knowledge of canine matters. His loss will especially affect us of the L.K.A., as he was from the foundation of our Association one of its staunchest friends and adherents, always ready to help us in every way. For many years he judged at our shows, and his venerable and striking figure will be much missed. He has passed to his rest "full of years and honours," and his place will be impossible to fill.

* * *

The closing of the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park will recall many memories to us of the "Old Brigade" of members. There our first shows were held, and we all remember them with affection. One forgets the wet days, the dripping tents and the duck boards, and only remembers



CH. ADDO VON THIERLSTEIN
The property of Mrs. W. E. Gatacre



WIRE TERRIER PUPS
The property of Miss Tuelly

the sunny hours—like the sundial—the broad lawns, the bright dresses, and especially the gracious presence of her late Majesty Queen Alexandra, who invariably attended the shows, and by her presence and interest did so much to help the Association. To face facts, our present Show with its enormous entry would be far too large for the Botanical Gardens, and in our fickle climate it is certainly far pleasanter to be under cover, but still we remember the old days, and the fun we had at the Botanical Gardens.

* * *

These notes will appear on July 1—the time for holidays, and the open air is near. All open-air holidays are incomplete unless shared by a dog or dogs; so in

comes of the oldest strain of keeshonds in this country. She is beautifully made and particularly sound and active. Her mother is the famous Gesina von Zaandam from whom so many winners are descended. Mrs. Last has a good daughter of Pleuntje's for sale, also some nice puppies. Mrs. Halliwell Carew has now charge of Lady Cooper's dogs and has some good pups for sale, also their mother, who would make a most affectionate and charming companion as she has a particularly nice disposition. Mrs. Halliwell Carew will send any on approval.

Letters should be addressed to
Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks,
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In twelve shades exactly
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The firm of Cadbury Brothers of Bournville have been celebrating the centenary of the great chocolate manufacturing business which was founded by the grandfather of the present chairman, Mr. Barrow Cadbury.

Descendants of John Cadbury, who experimented in the roasting and grinding of cocoa nibs 100 years ago, have assiduously worked year by year in the development of an ideal. No less than seven of the nine managing directors of to-day are direct descendants of the founder, while two other descendants are active workers in the firm's service. It has been stated that this centenary year of Cadbury's has recorded the largest volume of trade the firm has done in any year of its history, an achievement to be proud of, indeed, in these days of industrial difficulties. It is probable that Richard and George Cadbury of a past generation did more to improve relations between master and man than any of their contemporaries. At the "factory in a garden," as the works at Bournville are called, between 8,000 and 9,000 employees go about their business to-day under perfect conditions, and visitors, who are always welcome, can but be impressed by the healthy cheerfulness which abounds in this hive of industry. The centenary year has been marked by the gift of a large open site for the purpose of hospital extension and public playgrounds and by the distribution

MR. BARROW CADBURY *Whitlock*

The grandson of Mr. John Cadbury, who founded the great chocolate and cocoa manufacturing business a hundred years ago. Mr. Barrow Cadbury is the chairman of the company, a vote concerning which appears in this page

of £50,000 in National Savings Certificates among the employees. They, in their turn have marked the occasion by raising funds between themselves for the provision of a beautiful fountain in the grounds at Bournville.

Good news for visitors to Brittany lies behind the announcement of the Southern Railway that on and from July 1 their service between London and St. Malo will at last run to a regular fixed timetable. This service in the past has been a tidal one, rendered necessary by the limitations of the harbour at St. Malo and the extreme variations in the height of the tide on the other side of the Channel. Some twenty years ago the French authorities laid plans for a big harbour improvement scheme, but this work was held up by the Great War, and it is only this year that the scheme has been completed.

One of the chief advantages of the fixed service will be the establishment of a regular connection between the Southampton - St. Malo boat and the Côte d'Emeraude - Pyrenees express which runs daily from St. Malo (Quay) to Bordeaux, Irun, etc. The services will in future run to the following timetable. *Outwards* - London (Waterloo), dep. 7.18 p.m.; Southampton Docks, arr. 9.0 p.m., dep. 9.30 p.m.; St. Malo, arr. 7.0 a.m. *Inwards* - St. Malo, dep. 10.0 p.m.; Southampton Docks, arr. 7.30 a.m., dep. 8.30 a.m.; London (Waterloo), arr. 10.15 a.m.



"THE MASQUE OF LADY MARGARET" AT
BEDFORD: THE HON. OLIVE LAWSON-
JOHNSTON (Lady Margaret) AND LADY LUKE OF
PAVENHAM (her Ghost)

It was fitting that the Bedfordshire Women's Institute should do honour to one of the most distinguished daughters of the county, the Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., and they presented "The Masque of the Lady Margaret" at Bedford. There is an historical link in this pageant, in that the part of Lady Margaret was played in four of the scenes by direct descendants of her stepbrother, Sir John St. John of Bletsoe - Lady Luke of Pavenham and the Hon. Olive Lawson-Johnston

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on bodices stocked in various sizes, from 18 ins., 12/6; to 38 ins., 21/-

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Regulation Kilt, good quality Tartan, 49/6

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54 ins. wide, 10/6 per yard

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The Cult of Healthful Beauty.

Women of fashion all the world over are talking about the Innoxa preparations. They maintain a healthy normal complexion and restore tired faces to youthful radiant freshness. "The Cult of Healthful Beauty" is an interesting brochure that will be sent on application to 38, Old Bond Street, W. Innoxa treatments make muddy, red, and greasy skins clear and rejuvenated. Then the Facial Pack Massage stimulates the circulation and, while improving the local nutrition, increases the tone of the tissues. It gives the skin, the muscles and underlying structures increased elasticity, bringing back the fresh bloom of youth.

Complexion Milk.

It is impossible to overestimate the good work achieved by the Innoxa Complexion Milk; its emollient qualities preserve the matt smoothness and fine texture of the skin; it banishes blotches and spots without causing the slightest irritation; it is from 3s. 6d. per bottle. This is likewise the cost of a new 1931 powder, the shade being a delicate Futura. The Mousse is a unique day cream; it is light and frothy, and spreads easily over the skin, which it penetrates and nourishes.



Cointreau is unrivalled as a liqueur, and for introducing a novel flavour with fruit salad, grape fruit, raspberries, and other fruits.



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You simply spread a soothing balsam over your skin and remove it in a few seconds to find every disfiguring superfluous hair lifted out by the very root—and the skin left marvellously smooth and white. Nothing like this amazing new method has ever been known before. It is not electricity, not a temporary "surface" remover, but is scientifically designed to end hair growth **PERMANENTLY** by lifting out the *very* hair roots until they can never grow back again. No bother, no unbearable pain, no irritation. Whole process is quick and simple—absolutely safe and harmless—almost as easily applied as cold cream.

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Beautiform—an Envelope.

It is always difficult in words to do justice to a garment that has been perfected by a genius, especially when the number of years it has taken to achieve this end is realized. However, it is no use beating about the bush; the garment in question is Beautiform, and the creator is Madame Maude, of 91A, Baker Street (entrance in Crawford Street). It really may be described as an envelope for the body, which gives full support, and persuades all superfluous tissue to disappear by gentle suasion: the figure has free play in every movement but is kept trim and neat. Madame Maude is exceedingly clever in finding out the best points of the figure and making the most of them, adapting her *chef-d'oeuvres* to every curve and line of the figure. Furthermore, they are exceptionally comfortable and really do perform the work that she claims for them, viz., reducing and improving not only the contour of the figure but the general poise. All interested in the subject who are unable to pay a visit to this establishment must write for the illustrated booklet, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

A Sleeping Brassière.

It is all very well to take thought for the figure by day, but it really does require support during the hours of rest. Appreciating this fact, Madame Maude has created a sleeping brassière; not only does it support the busts and prevent their spreading—there is not the slightest hint of compression—but it is remarkably kind to the shoulder blades. It is made of a new fabric that is porous, light and pliant, and washes and wears extremely well; naturally it is innocent of all bones. In conclusion, Madame Maude is warmly to be congratulated on the care and attention she gives to the personal comfort and physical well-being of her clients, no matter whether they possess average figures, or figures that demand something adapted to individual idiosyncrasies. Further details of these garments and brochure will be sent on application.



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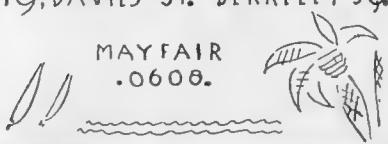




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To-day and Daily*



F. 696.—Charming Hat, pink edged and trimmed with shiny leather. Also the new Patou green, navy, nigger, and all the newest French colours.

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V. 665.—Shady Hat in speckled straw, trimmed ribbon to tone. In several fittings, and in red/beige, beige/brown, and green/beige colourings.

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*Remnants Half Price
each Thursday*



V. 710.—Attractive Hat in coarse straw, with shady brim, trimmed with satin ribbon in self colourings. In several fittings and the newest shades.

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A personal call will convince you of
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Remnants in all styles at much reduced prices. Nightgown Tops in great variety from 3/- to 50/-. Remnants Embroideries for Baby Frocks from 5/9 the length. Fine Veinings. Beadings, etc., in useful lengths.

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Remnants best quality Crêpe-de-Chine, Triple Ninon, Washing Satin, coloured Cotton Materials, etc. 1,000 yds. Pure Silk Crêpe-de-Chine printed small design suitable for Lingerie, etc., usually 12/9 yd. Special Sale Price 9/11.

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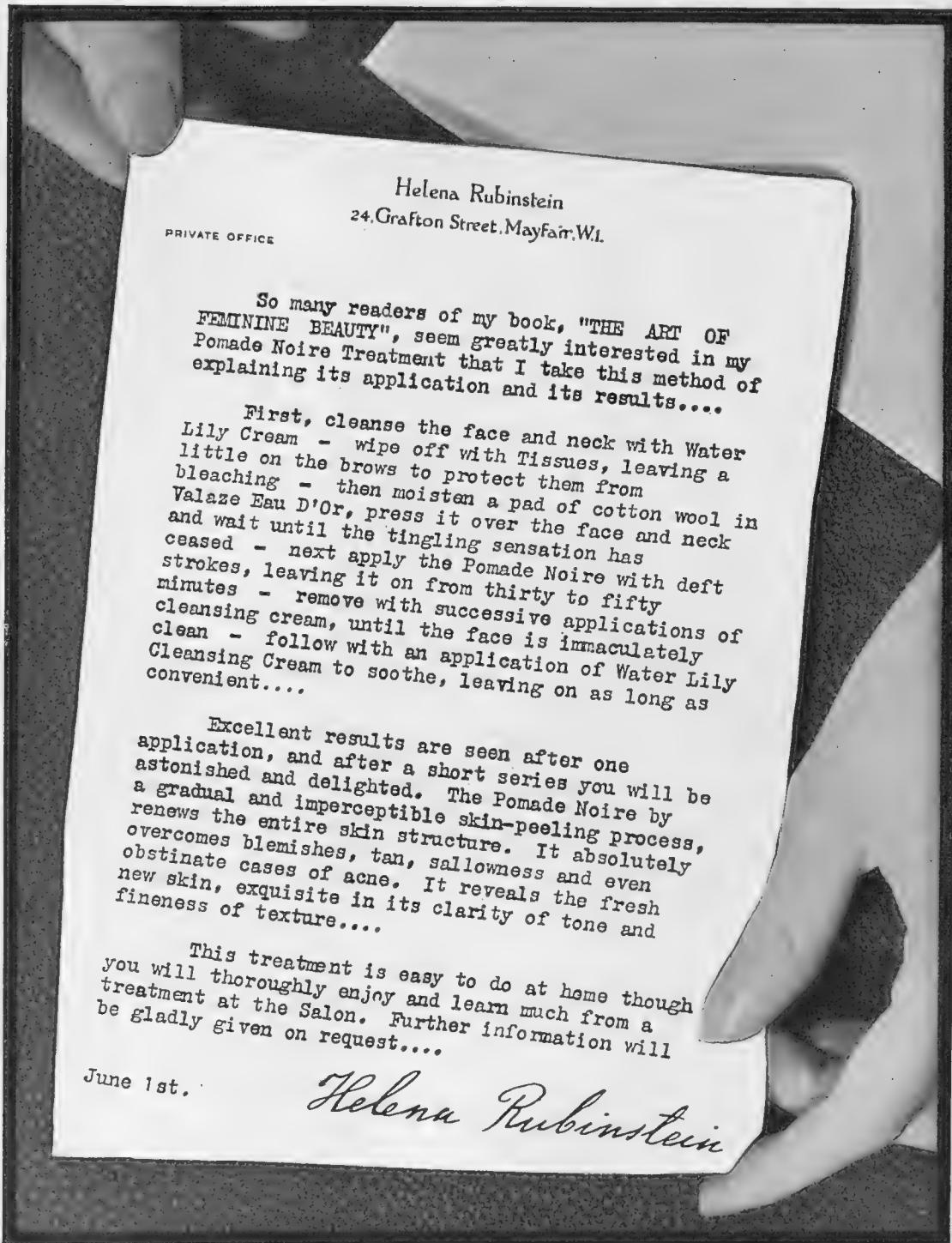


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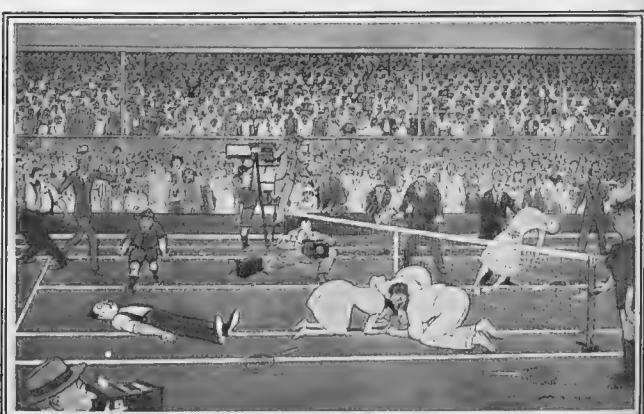
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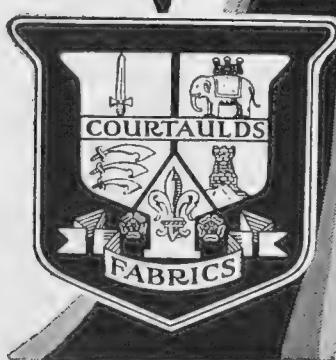
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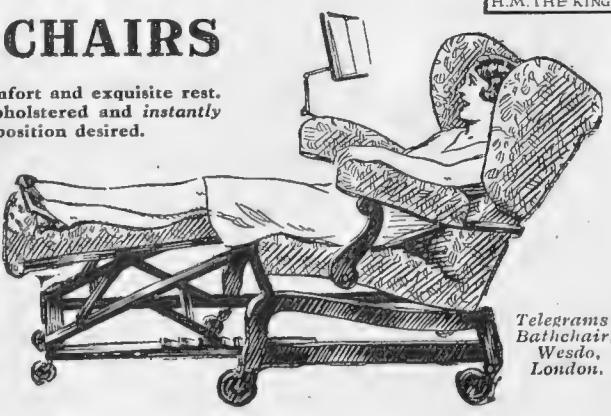
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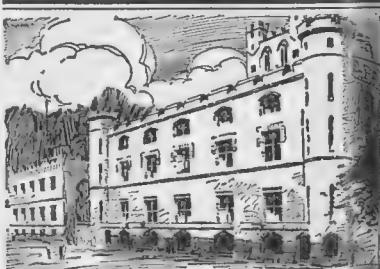
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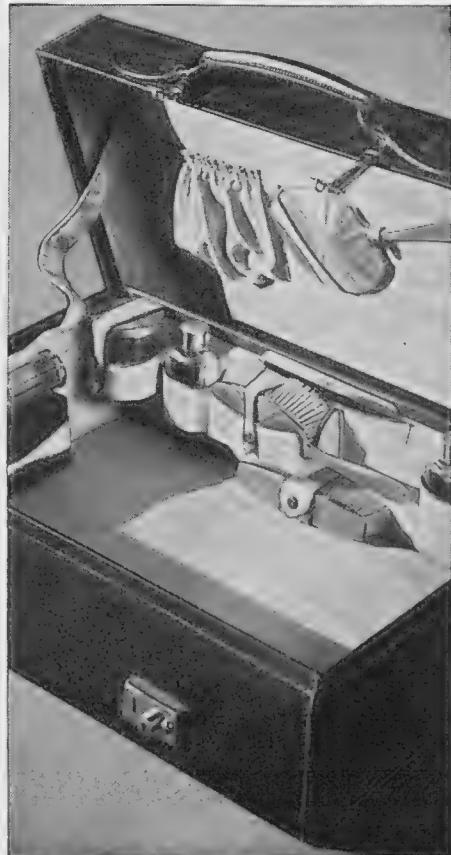
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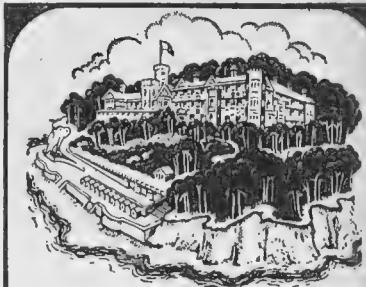
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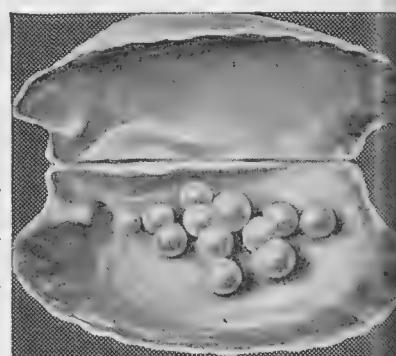


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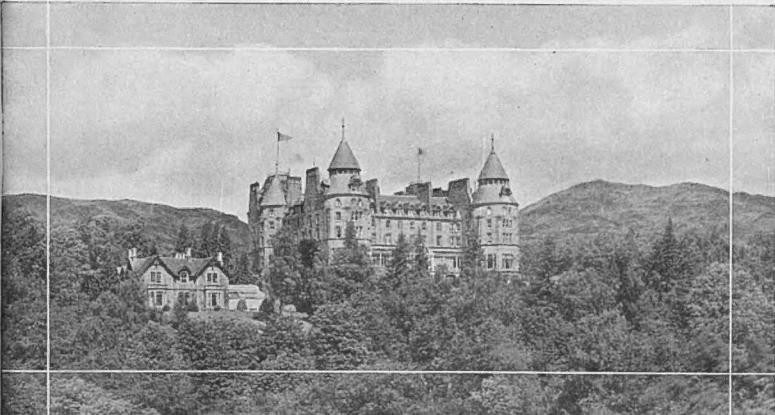
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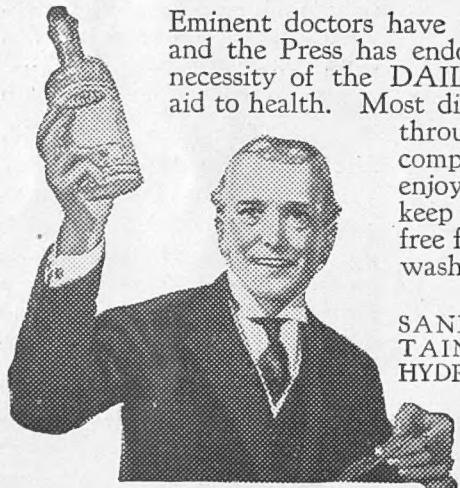
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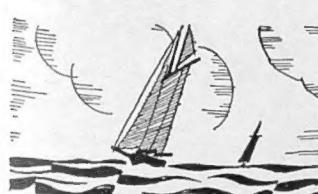
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The Marquis: "Looking everywhere for you, Teddy. You must have a good bet on my horse in this race."

Sir Edward: "Many thanks, Bob, I will."

The Marquis: "Hurry up! Man alive, the horses are at the post and you are a hundred yards from the ring!"

Sir Edward: "Don't excite yourself, Bob, I'm just wiring my agents £100 each way at 'Tote' odds."

The Marquis: "But you won't be on. In the first place, it's after the advertised time of the race, and secondly, no agent will take £100 each way now."

Sir Edward: "Guess again, Bob. Haven't you heard of 'Duggie'?"

The Marquis: "Yes, but I suppose he is the same as the others."

Sir Edward: "That's where you are wrong. He allows you to wire him up to the 'Off' for bets at either 'Tote' or Starting Prices, and as regards amounts he makes arrangements to suit your convenience."

The Marquis: "My word! that's a sound idea, and the money not going to the machine doesn't tend to reduce the odds."

Sir Edward: "That's so; and what's more he offers every other facility which the 'Tote' offers, and, of course, all on credit."

The Marquis: "Excellent! Will 'Duggie' open an account with me?"

Sir Edward: "Just mention my name. All my friends whom I have recommended to him are more than satisfied. 'Duggie's' the man who made 'Tote' betting on credit as easy as A,B,C, and that's what makes me so enthusiastic."

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